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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1907.

No. 5

THE CLOSING YEARS OF ST. PAUL'S LIFE IN ROME.

BY COL. R. M. BRYCE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "MY REASONS FOR LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

Not the least, perhaps, of the many interesting facts with which Rome is associated, is that of St. Paul's imprisonment and martyrdom in the "Eternal City." The history of the life and work of the great apostle of the Gentiles up to his first visit to Rome, in A. D. 61, can be gathered from the New Testament scriptures, but his subsequent movements are more or less shrouded in mystery, and scripture history regarding him practically closes with the two concluding verses of the final chapter of the Acts of the Apostles:

And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

The various accounts of this apostle given by writers of the earlier centuries tend to show that in general appearance he was decidedly short and slightly bent, facts to which he perhaps alludes in II Corinthians, x: 10. He was also bald, or partly so, and possessed an aquiline nose, sharp, piercing eyes, somewhat pale

features, and a fairly long and slightly curly, gray beard. Notwithstanding, however, that he was insignificant in general aspect, it is said that there was a certain dignity in his bearing, combined with a genial and pleasing expression in his countenance, which went far to remove any unfavorable first impressions that his appearance might have created.

A gilt vase upon which the head of the apostle is represented was found in one of the catacombs in Rome, and is now preserved in the Vatican library. The heads of Saints Paul and Peter, as herein illustrated, belong to a bronze medallion of the fourth century, some say of a still earlier date, discovered by Boldetti in the cemetery of Saint Domitilla in the catacombs of Saint Calixtus. This is probably the most important of the earliest portraits of the two great apostles. The illustration was copied from one given by Mr. S. Russell-Forbes in his book, *The Footsteps of St. Paul in Rome*.

The life of St. Paul has been given to the world by various able authors, whose writings, although of the utmost interest, are as a rule somewhat voluminous. To many persons the most reliable sources of information on the subject, both ancient and modern, are not accessible, such for instance as the works of MacDuff, Farrar, Barnes, Conybeare and Howson, S. Russell-Forbes, and Miss Hudson, the gifted authoress of a history of the Jews in Rome; while there are doubtless very many who are unable to find the necessary leisure to devote to the study of so interesting a life, and it is therefore with the object of being of assistance to those readers of the ERA who may happen to fall into the category of one or both of these two classes that I have been led to pen this sketch of St. Paul in Rome. I have culled my information both from such writings as I have above made allusion to, and also from the opportunities that a couple of visits to Rome have afforded me of seeing some of the places with which the great apostle must himself have been very familiar, of traversing portions of the very roads along which he was marched as a chained prisoner, both into the city to take his stand before the imperial tribunal of Cæsar, and out of the city some years afterwards to suffer martyrdom, and of visiting not only the house in which he is said to have resided, but also the place where his body was buried not far from the spot where, according to tradition, he was

executed. While doubtless some of the subjects relating to these facts must be more or less of a traditional character, I venture to hope that they may be as interesting to the readers of this article as they certainly are to the writer of it.

We learn from the scriptures that the apostle's visit to Rome, preordained by divine providence, came about in the following manner: When Paul had lingered in chains for two years in his dreary confinement at Cæsarea, he was left bound there by Felix with the object, as we learn from the concluding verse of chapter 24 of the Acts of the Apostles, of showing the Jews a pleasure. Porcius Festus succeeded Felix in the Roman procuratorship, and ten days after assuming the reins of government, proceeded from Jerusalem to Cæsarea to sit in judgment upon Paul, and perhaps upon other prisoners who were awaiting trial there.

When Paul stood before the judgment seat, Festus suggested to him that he should return to Jerusalem and appear again before his court there, for there seemed to be no evidence to justify Paul's condemnation in Cæsarea on any of the charges which had been brought against him. Paul, however, realizing that any such fresh inquiry in Jerusalem would be nothing short of a farce and a mockery, and that it would be absurd to expect a just hearing before a judge who was evidently bent upon playing into the hands of the very men who were not only the apostle's accusers, but were even then thirsting for his blood, decidedly declined, and at once exercised his undoubted right as a Roman citizen to appeal to the Roman emperor for that justice which he saw was being denied to him in Judea. As soon as he had uttered the words, *Cæsarem appello* (I appeal unto Cæsar), the prosecution and trial before Festus came necessarily to a conclusion, inasmuch as, under Roman law, the latter had no longer any jurisdiction in the case. Its final decision lay thenceforth in a higher tribunal than the one over which the Roman governor was at the time presiding, so that all that remained for Festus to do was to reply, as we learn he did do: *Cæsarem appellasti, ad Cæsarem ibis* (Hast thou appealed to Cæsar? to Cæsar shalt thou go.) (Acts xxv: 11, 12). This took place in the month of June, A. D. 60.

Two months later Paul and other similar appellants to Cæsar's tribunal, each linked, as was the Roman custom, with a long,

light chain by the right wrist to the left wrist of a soldier, a galling experience which the apostle had had presumably to undergo for two whole years at Cæsarea, embarked in charge of a Roman centurion named Julius, in a small coasting vessel of Adramyttium, a port of Mysia, on their long sea journey to Rome, Luke and Aristarchus accompanying Paul as his friends.

The voyage after leaving Sidon, which place they reached on the day following their embarkation at Cæsarea, was, as we find recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, very unpropitious, storms and counter winds succeeding one another to such an extent as to greatly retard the ship's progress. Arriving at length at Myra, the then capital of Lycia, Julius the centurion found an Alexandrian corn ship sailing to Italy in which he secured accommodation for his prisoners and their escort. Baffling gales and heavy seas continued apparently to accompany the party, until at length the series of dangers through which they had to pass culminated in the total wreck of their ship on a cold and dismal morning in the month of November, A. D. 60, on the wild coast of the island of Melita (Malta). Fortunately, not one of the two hundred and seventy-six souls on board was lost.

In that island they were compelled to remain for the space of three months, during which time Paul healed the father of Publius, the chief man of the place, and cured also many others who were diseased and afflicted in various ways. Here it was that he shook off into the fire the venomous viper that had fastened onto his hand as he was gathering sticks, and yet received no harm therefrom. (Acts xxviii: 5).

At the end of three months, Julius discovered another Alexandrian cornship ready to sail to Italy, which presumably had wintered in the harbor of Malta, and the name of which, as we learn from Acts xxviii: 11, was *Castor and Pollux*. On that vessel Julius and his party embarked in February, A. D. 61, and sailed away once more on their journey to Rome. Arriving at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, they were again detained by the inclemency of the weather for three days, after which, having crossed over to Pheguim, in Italy, they fell in with a favorable south wind, and were carried on next day to Puteoli, (the modern Pozzuoli), near Naples, in the beautiful bay and fine harbor of which their sea

passage came to an end. The quay on which St. Paul disembarked is still to be seen. Dr. MacDuff, in the year 1871, writes of having felt it a privilege to stand on the only remaining step, covered with bright sea weed and furrowed with age, on which St. Paul set foot in Puteoli.

Vesuvius at that time must have been a quiescent volcano, and the now ruined cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii must have been standing in all their magnificence, glistening in the sunlight, and reflecting themselves in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean sea, a sight that could not but have attracted the attention and admiration of Paul and his companions. It was not till two years after this that a great part of Herculaneum was ruined by an earthquake, its final destruction, along with that of Pompeii and Stabiae, by the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, occurring in A. D. 79. Puteoli, even in A. D. 61, was a very ancient seaport, having been founded by the Greeks of Cumæ in B. C. 521, under the name of Dicacarchia.

Here Paul gladly found himself once more in the congenial atmosphere of a small community of Christian brethren and sisters, who invited him to tarry with them seven days, a delay that was permitted by the kindly hearted centurion Julius, thus affording Paul and his two friends a brief but pleasant rest in perhaps one of the most beautiful spots on earth, after their late perilous and trying experiences. At the end of that time Julius started off with his prisoners to the capital of the empire, a distance of about one hundred and seventy miles, proceeding along the *Via Consularis*—or consular way, and so on through the *Arco Felice*, and by the shores of lake *Avernus* (the waters of which filled the crater of an extinct volcano, and were known for the mephitic vapors which are said to have arisen from them and killed any birds that attempted to fly over them), and at last arrived at Capua, one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, where they struck the renowned *Appian Way*.

News is said to travel fast, and that it did not belie its character in the present instance is evident from the fact that the approach of Paul and his party was known in Rome in time to permit of a number of the Christian residents of that city going a considerable distance along the road to meet him, so that by the time

the weary prisoners and their escort had reached *Appii Forum*, a distance of about forty-three miles from Rome, the hearts of Paul and his two friends were gladdened by the sight of Christian brethren who had come out there to give them a welcome. Several miles further on (ten to fifteen miles according to some authorities, but thirty miles according to Mr. Russell-Forbes), at a place known as *Tres Tiburnæ*, or the three taverns, situated not far from the modern city of Cisterna, they found themselves greeted once again by another body of brethren, supposed by some writers to have been the older and less able bodied people who were not equal to the longer journey to *Appii Forum*. Thus cheered by the presence and sympathy of these Christian friends, Paul, the chained prisoner, and his two faithful companions, proceeded toward Rome, and entered the imperial city, then in the zenith of its magnificence and power, under the thralldom of that bloodthirsty and cruel tyrant the Emperor Nero, in the month of March, A. D. 61.

The Appian Way was at that time the principal road leading into Rome, and had received from the poet Statius the appellation of *Regina viarum*, or the Queen of ways. It was a paved military road commenced by the blind Roman senator Appius Claudius Cæcus, in B. C. 312, and led out of the city by the ancient *Porta Capena* (one of the gates in the old Servian wall), and ran through the towns of Aricia, Tarracina, Fundi, and Formiæ, across rivers and swamps, rocks and hills, till it reached Capua, whence it was subsequently carried across the peninsula by Beneventum to the ancient seaport of Brundisium on the Adriatic, now called Brindisi, and well known to English people as the port from which the weekly overland mail and passenger service *via* the continent of Europe leaves for British India, Australia, and China by the magnificent vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Portions of the old Roman road which Paul and his companions trod are still to be seen, clearly showing the wear and tear of cart wheels which passed over the great polygonal blocks of lava stone with which the road is paved, over two thousand years ago.

After leaving Puteoli many scenes of interest must have presented themselves to Paul and those with him on their journey towards Rome. Mr. Russel-Forbes writes that two days after

leaving Capua they would arrive at Terracina, seventy-five miles from Rome, and next morning continuing their way, in two and a half miles they would cross the stream which flows from the fountain of Feronia.

“And where Feronia’s grove and temple stand.”—Virgil *Æn.* viii: 800. Feronia was an ancient Italian divinity, whose principal shrine was situated at Terracina near Mount Soracte. The grove was on the edge of the Pontine marshes, and Mr. Forbes tells us that no road through them existed in St. Paul’s day, it having been subsequently made by Trajan in his third consulship. Trajan, the best of all the Roman emperors, was born at Italica, near Seville, in Spain, on the 18th September, A. D. 52, and was the first foreigner that ever reigned in Rome. He succeeded Nerva in A. D. 98, or thirty-seven years after Paul’s visit to the imperial city. In A. D. 91, he was consul, but was afterwards adopted as his successor by the Emperor Nerva. A canal which is still to be seen ran through the marshes, and passengers and merchandise had to be towed in barges from the grove of Feronia through the canal up to Appii Forum. It was in this manner, therefore, that the party to which Paul belonged had to travel for a distance of some twenty odd miles.

Appii Forum was founded by Appius Claudius Cæcus, the constructor of the Appian Way. Horace, the Roman poet, calls the town busy and noisy, and full of sailors and surly landlords. It was a place of some considerable importance, as the canal brought up a great deal of merchandise for the imperial city, all of which had to pass through it, consequently the sailors (or bargemen) and landlords spoken of by Horace were always much in evidence. All that is left of this once flourishing town is composed of a few fragments of ruins and an ancient milestone.

That Paul must have been acquainted with some of the Roman Christians before his arrival at Rome, or at least have known them well by reputation, is scarcely to be doubted, for in concluding his epistle to the Romans written from Corinth, in A. D. 58, he salutes many of them by name. He certainly knew Aquila and his wife Priscilla for they were formerly together at Corinth (Acts xviii: 2), and he also took them with him when he sailed into Syria (verse 18). It is highly probable, therefore, that the little band of the

brethren who greeted Paul both at Appii Forum and at Tres Tiburnæ, contained some whom he had seen and known previously, and their affectionate welcomes must have been most gratifying to the chained prisoner in his then distressing circumstances.

Thus mutually comforted, they journeyed on to the great capital of the then dominant Roman empire. The Appian Way for some miles out of the city was a street of stately tombs, and monuments of illustrious dead, some of which were ancient even in the days of St. Paul. In Rome, as elsewhere in days gone by, burial places were always situated outside the walls. It was so in Pompeii where ran the famous "Street of Tombs," and it was also so in Greece and in Palestine, and we can all readily recall to mind the instance described in the seventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, in which Jesus and his disciples, while passing through Judea, arrived at the gate of the city of Nain, and saw the people carrying out the corpse of a young man to be buried, the only son of a disconsolate mother, who, bathed in tears, was amongst the mourners. Our Lord, it will be remembered, was so moved with compassion at the sight that he told her not to weep, and, advancing to the bier, he raised the dead youth to life again.

Tombs formed a special feature in ancient communities. They were not crowded into church yards or into cemeteries as in these later days, but were always placed when possible in the most conspicuous localities by the sides of public roads. Roman tombs were characterized by their impressive magnificence, so that the long line of sculptured grandeur of these stately marble sepulchres must by their very solemnity have made a deep impression upon Paul and his companions, and left a feeling of admiration for the beautiful designs both of these monuments for the dead, and also for the many splendid temples, and fine country seats of the wealthy Roman patricians which they met with day by day on their way Romewards. I think, with Dr. Farrar, that it is not unnatural to suppose that some of the brethren who had gone to meet Paul, may have been fully conversant with the names, and perhaps the histories, of these structures, and may thus have helped to lighten the tedium of the journey by pointing out to him those of them which claimed the most attention, either by their appearance, or by their special historical characteristics. Several of these old



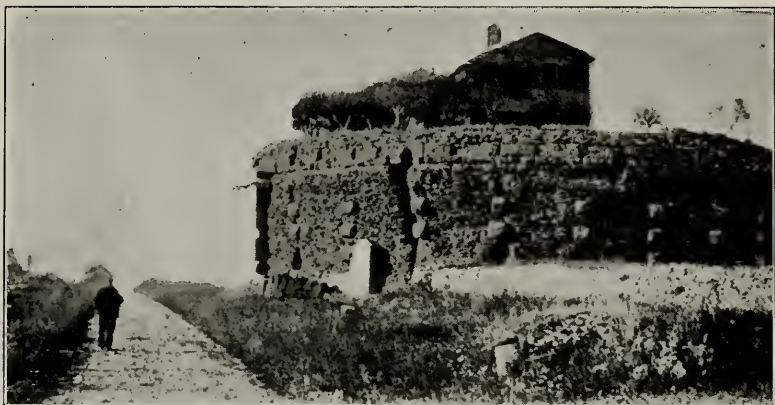
HEADS OF SAINTS PAUL AND
PETER.



POZZUOLI, NEAR NAPLES.



STREET OF TOMBS, POMPEII.



"CASALE ROTONDO," ALSO CALLED THE TOMB OF COTTA.



TOMB OF CURATII.

tombs still exist, although in a condition more or less ruinous, but to us they possess considerable attraction, if only on the ground that they are the very same upon which the great Apostle and his friends cast their eyes with curiosity and interest on their sad journey to Rome.

On leaving the Appii Forum, the party to which Paul was attached would pass beneath the walls of Lanuvium, founded by Æneas, the birthplace of P. Sulpicius Quirinus who is mentioned by St. Luke (chap. ii: 2) as Cyrenius, the Governor of Syria, at the time when the Emperor Augustus made a decree that all the world should be taxed. The slope of the Alban hills would then be ascended, and from the vale of Aricia the Apostle would get his first glimpse of Rome, far away in the Campagna beyond, its buildings glistening in the summer sun. Descending the fine causeway of the Via Appia, the massive ruins of which still excite our admiration, and passing by the tomb of Aruns the son of Lars Porsena of Clusium (immortalized in Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*), and by the Villa of Pompey, which afterward belonged to the Emperor Domitian, and is now called the town of Albano, the company would enter what must be described as a street of tombs.*

Dr. Farrar in his *Life and Work of St. Paul* writes in respect to this journey on the Appian way as follows: "Perhaps as they left the Alban hills on the right, the brethren would tell the Apostle the grim annals of the little temple which had been built beside

—the still, glassy lake which sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain."

The allusion here is to the grove and temple of Diana Aracina on the borders of Lake Nemorensis in the neighborhood of Aricia, a town of Latium at the foot of Mount Alba on the Appian Way about sixteen miles from Rome. Dr. Smith in his classical dictionary tells us that it was here that Diana was worshiped with barbarous customs, her priest, called *rex nemorensis*, being always

**The Footsteps of St. Paul in Rome*, by S. Russel-Forbes.

a runaway slave who obtained his office by killing his predecessor in single combat.

The tomb of Cn. Pompeius Magnus, commonly known as Pompey, would scarcely be passed by in silence, for he had been one of Rome's greatest military leaders, and was greeted by the notorious Sulla with the surname of Magnus or "the Great," after his victories in Africa. In B. C. 70, he was consul, and ten years later, after conquering Mithridates, King of Pontus, and his son Tigranes, King of Armenia, and also after taking Jerusalem, he made a triumphal entry into Rome on September 30, B. C. 60. It was he who with Cæsar and Crassus formed the first triumvirate. He was put to death in Egypt on September 29, B. C. 48, by the ministers of King Ptolemy through their fear of the vengeance of Crassus, with whom Pompey had quarrelled. The story of how Cæsar shed tears when Pompey's head was shown to him is a matter of history.

At about twelve miles from Rome, the tomb of another well known Roman was passed, namely that of Publius Clodius Pulcher, the enemy of Cicero, the orator, and the most profligate of men. In the year B. C. 62, he profaned the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* which were then being celebrated in the house of the consul Cæsar. *Bona Dea* was a Roman deity who revealed her oracles only to women, and her festival was held each year on the first day of May in the house of the then consul or prætor. Clodius obtained access to the ceremony in Cæsar's house disguised as a woman, and on being discovered was brought to trial, but evidently did not find it difficult to obtain an acquittal by bribing his judges. He was killed on January 20, B. C. 57, on the Appian Way near Bovillæ, an ancient city of Latium, in an affray between his followers and those of Milo, who was then a candidate for the consulship. The ruins of Bovillæ are now to be seen near the inn of the *Fratrichiæ* close to Albano.

A little further on, Paul and his companions reached *Tres Tiburnæ*, translated in the Scriptures as the "three taverns," but said by Mr. Russel-Forbes to be "three shops." Probably wine was to be obtained at these shops, so that practically they were taverns. Here it was that Paul's heart was gladdened at finding another little band of brethren who had come out to offer him a

welcome. "And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the three taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage." (Acts xxviii: 15.)

Doubtless there was a halt here for refreshments, and perhaps for a night's rest for the weary travelers, followed by an early start next morning, so as to avoid as far as possible the heat of the midday sun. From this onward to Rome the party would pass the principal monuments of the road, for it is said that a burial on the Appian way was to an illustrious Roman as great an honor as an interment in Westminster Abbey would be to an illustrious Briton. Here and there they would pass by some stately temple, or some great patrician's country seat, and would, of course, be in the midst of endless streams of traffic to and from the imperial city. The temple of Hercules would doubtless attract attention. It was one of those founded during the Republic many years before Paul's visit to Rome. The Emperor Domitian restored it afterwards, and had the face of the god made to represent his own. Martial, the epigrammatic poet, mentions this fact.

A little further on, on the descent of the hill to the right, would be passed the villa of Persius Flaccus, the young Roman poet. It was only in the following year (A. D. 62) that he died before he had completed his twenty-eight year. Between the sixth and seventh milestones from Rome was seen the ground where the noted battle took place between the Horatii and the Curatii, three Roman brothers against three Alban brothers, and they fought till only one of the Horatii was left alive. It was in consequence of this defeat of the Curatii that Alba became subject to Rome. The Romans gave a magnificent burial to the two dead Horatii on the spot, and erected over their remains a stately tomb of which there do not appear to be any traces now left.

At the sixth milestone would be met the round tomb of M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, one of Rome's chief generals, and the friend of the Emperor Augustus, a patron of learning, and himself a poet, historian, and orator. He was also the friend of the poets Horace and Tibullus, the latter of whom not unfrequently refers to Messala in his elegies. He died between B. C. 3 and A. D. 3. The monument was erected to him by Marcus Aurelius Messalinus

Cotta who was Consul in A. D. 20, and it is now known as *Casale rotondo*, or the round hamlet, perhaps because a house and garden occupies the top of it. It is often called the tomb of Cotta, and was used as a fortress in the middle ages.

On the fifth mile was the sepulchre of the Curatii, erected where they fell. The battle was first fought a mile and a half further back just where two of the Horatii were killed, but all three of the Curatii were very severely wounded. Seeing this, the surviving Horatius, who was still unhurt, pretended to fly towards the city, and by this stratagem vanquished and killed his three wounded antagonists one after the other. Livy the historian, who was born in B. C. 59, speaks of the tombs of the Horatii and Curatii as existing in his day. A little further on, on the right, would be seen the tomb of Pomponius Atticus the epicurean philosopher, and the friend of the great orator Cicero. He was a Roman *eques* or knight, and was born at Rome in B. C. 109. He died in B. C. 32 of voluntary starvation on discovering that he had been attacked by an incurable disease.

Paris, France.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON TEMPORAL POWER.

In his defense of "The Pontificate of Pius X," in the February 1 issue of the *North American Review*, Archbishop John Ireland gives a strong statement upholding the position of the Catholic Church on temporal power. It has been charged that the Pope has joined in "the scandalous clamor for provinces and principalities," and that he is seeking "the barbaric pomp of secular kingship." Says the archbishop:

The question at issue is the spiritual independence of the Holy See. It is believed, and rightly so, that a *status quo* whereby the head of the Universal Church is the civil subject of any one potentate gives no stable guarantee of an unfettered spiritual sovereignty. Many are the supposable contingencies in which the subject of one civil power is barred from the confidence of other civil powers. History had solved the problem by granting to the Papacy temporal kingship. The settlement of history was broken up by Italy. The problem is reopened. The Catholic world has not renounced the ideal; the Papacy has not renounced it; the

Papacy will not renounce it. The present position of the Holy See is abnormal: it cannot be taken as permanent. We can leave the solution to Providence; but, meanwhile, the principle must be upheld. This is what is done by Pius X in refusing to be a subject of the kingdom of Italy. Indeed, it is by so refusing that he maintains *de facto* the dignity and the unfettered spiritual independence of the Holy See. It is not true that the Catholics of the world are opposed in this regard to the policy of the Vatican. They patiently await a solution—nothing more. Few among American Catholics, I imagine, would have been pleased to read in the newspaper dispatches, the morning after his accession to the Pontificate, that Pius X, as a liege subject, had repaired to the Quirinal to present his homage to his king and sovereign.

THE DEVIL'S INCENSE

(*For the Improvement Era*)

There is a subtle form of vice,
Increasing ev'ry hour,
That seeks its victims, to entice
Their souls in Satan's power.
A countless legion, to their shame,
Poor zealots in a dream,
Are burning incense to his name,
Enslaved by Satan's scheme.

The flaming signs are ev'rywhere,
More captives to allure;
The victims fall within a snare
That makes their souls impure.
The moral sense of right and wrong
God placed in ev'ry mind,
In all this incense-burning throng
Is stultified and blind.

Those who are now the tyrant's slaves
See not their own disgrace,
The poison in them so depraves
Their hearts in its embrace.
All altruistic thoughts of love,
All hopes of heaven born,
Their sordid, vulgar minds disprove
In ribaldry and scorn.

Few, once enslaved, can e'er reject
The twin-vice of their goal;
The drunkard's habit will erect
Its snares about the soul.
Twin vices they, whose snares engirth
The world in ev'ry clime,
With open gates that curse the earth
With poverty and crime.

Now you have seen the tyrant's snare,
Avoid it, and abhor
The scheme of Satan, and beware
His lures forevermore!
So subtly does the scheme entice,
Man in its sway must plod
The downward course, o'ercome by vice,
Self-banished from his God!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

JOSEPH L. TOWNSEND.

EARLY-DAY RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTELOPE ISLAND.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

In early days Antelope Island was considered one of our most desirable pleasure resorts, and many happy hours were spent there by our late President Brigham Young and his most intimate associates. When he visited the island it was generally for a two-fold purpose, business and pleasure.

The first white man that lived on the island, as far as our knowledge goes, was an old mountaineer who was called "Daddy" Stump. After him came Fielding Garr, who had charge of the Church stock. He moved them over there in 1849, and remained in charge of the animals as long as he lived. He built the old Church house and corral, a part of which remains there until this day.

Presidents Young and Kimball moved their horses and sheep there several years later, placing them in charge of Joseph Toronto and Peter O. Hanson. Several times they visited the island themselves. In the summer of 1856, they, in company with several of their family, spent two or three days there. The lake was quite high at the time, and both Toronto and Hanson met them at the lake shore with a boat and rowed them over, while the teams forded it. The time was pleasantly spent in driving over the island and in visiting places of interest,—bathing, boat-riding, and inspecting their horses and sheep. Old "Daddy" Stump's mountain home, then deserted, was visited by them. They drove their carriages as near to it as possible, and walked the remainder of the way, a distance of a half mile or more.

Everything was found just as the old man had left it, and a curious conglomeration of houses, barns, sheds and corrals it was. It was located at the head of a small, open canyon, against a steep mountain. The house was made of cedar posts set upright and covered with a dirt roof. Close to it was a good spring of water. The house and barn formed a part of the corral, and just below it was his orchard and garden. The peach trees were loaded with fruit, no larger than walnuts. The old man, feeling that civilization was encroaching upon his rights, had picked up his duds and driven his horses and cattle to a secluded spot in Cache Valley. The last heard of him was that he had wronged a Ute squaw, and in revenge, she had crept up behind him and cut his throat. The party returned to the Church ranch that evening and drove home the next day. Brother Garr died in 1855, and a year or two later Briant Stringham took charge of the stock on the island.

In 1857, quite a romantic episode took place in Salt Lake City, terminating on Antelope Island; it stirred the four hundred of Salt Lake to the center. Thos. S. Williams, then one of Salt Lake's most prosperous merchants, closed out his business, and had made extensive preparations to go East with his family, where he expected to make his home. He had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, engaged to David P. Kimball; but, on account of their being so young, Mr. Williams would not consent to their marriage. The young couple were determined not to be thwarted in their plans, and matters became desperate with them as well as with her parents. Her father placed trusted guards over her, and she was carefully watched by them, night and day, until the hour of departure had come. That morning, in an unguarded moment, she darted out of the back door and was out of sight almost instantly. A carriage and four horsemen were in waiting for her, and, before the guards had fairly missed her, she and her intended were hurled over to Judge Elias Smith's office and were made husband and wife for all time. They then jumped into the carriage, drawn by two fiery steeds, and accompanied by four mounted guards, composed of Joseph A. Young, Heber P. Kimball, Quince Knowlton and Brigham Young, Jr., they made a dash for Antelope Island, reaching their destination in less than

three hours. Here the young couple spent their honeymoon, remaining there until her father was well on his journey to the East. Not a living soul knew where they were, except those who had aided them in their elopement, until they came out of their hiding place.

It was about the year 1860 that President Young, at the head of a select party of prominent men, visited Antelope Island again. He took all of his clerks with him, the majority of whom were good musicians. They formed a splendid string band, led by Horace K. Whitney. The brass band under the leadership of Wm. Pitt, was present also, and many pleasant hours were spent in listening to their sweet music. The party remained there three days enjoying a continued feast of pleasure the whole time. Much of the time was spent in boating, bathing and climbing to the top-most peaks of the island. All places of interest were visited, some riding in carriages, others on horseback, and some going a-foot. Many visited the wreck of the once famous boat, *Timely Gull*. The heavy winds from the southeast had broken it loose from its moorings at Black Rock, two years before, and had driven it to the south end of the island and thrown it high and dry upon the rocky beach. This was the first boat of consequence that was ever sailed upon the waters of Salt Lake. When the boat was first launched, President Young, with a select party, made several excursions over the lake with it, and it was considered to be quite a novelty in those days. The following is taken from President Young's journal of January 30, 1854:

With a small party of friends I witnessed the launching of my boat, just below the city bridge and from the west bank of the Jordan. I christened her the *Timely Gull*. She is forty-five feet long and designed for a stern wheel to be propelled by horses working a treadmill, and to be used mainly to transport stock between the city and Antelope Island.

Every evening a couple of large campfires were made, and young and old alike would unite in having a genuine good time in roasting and eating meat for the evening meal. It was amusing to see the high-toned clerks and members of the Deseret Dramatic Association sitting around these fires broiling teabone and tenderloin steaks, which they had fastened to the ends of long, sharp sticks. Then with bread and butter in one hand and their meat in

the other, with plenty of good milk on the side, they ate their suppers with a relish that would have made the kings and noblemen of the earth look on with envy.

Another important feature connected with this pleasure trip that made all who were not acquainted with western life look on with amazement was the display of horsemanship. There were upwards of one thousand horses on the island, the majority of them being almost as wild as deer. Briant Stringham, who was in charge, made it a point to corral every horse on the island at least once a year. At such times they were branded, handled and looked after in a general way.

President Young had invited some of the most noted horsemen in the territory to be present on this particular occasion. They came there mounted on the best of horses to take part in the yearly round up, and they were all ready and anxious for the fray. Among them were such men as Lot Smith, Judson Stoddard, Brigham Young, Jr., Len Rice, Stephen Taylor, Ezra Clark, Heber P. Kimball, and the Ashby and Garr boys, and others, every one of whom knew the island from A to izzard. There was not one of them but could ride a bucking horse bareback, or lariat the wildest mustang on the range. President Young was not long in giving them the word to go, and there was "something doing" for the next three days.

The boys left the ranch early that morning in bunches of three, and about two hours apart. They crossed the island to the west side, and rode leisurely along until they reached the north end, scaring up wild bands of horses as they went, and heading them that way. By that time their horses were pretty well "gaunted," and ready for the fifteen-mile dash that lay before them. They were island-raised, long-winded, swift-footed, and their speed on a long run was something wonderful. They had been picked from the best on the island, and their worth could only be estimated by the class of men who owned them. The moment one of these wild bands of island horses were started up, they must be kept on the run until they reached their destination, or they would scatter and run in every direction. No set of men could corral one of these bands unless they were expert horsemen,

and acquainted with all the surroundings and conditions, and mounted on the best of horses.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the round up, a dust was seen near the north end of the island. It had the appearance of a whirlwind, moving southward at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. Nothing could be seen but dust, until it had reached within about two miles of the house. T. B. H. Stenhouse, and other journalists, had climbed to the top of the house in order to get a full view of the approaching band. Everybody was on tiptoe, and the excitement was intense. Here they came, the speediest animals in the lead, and all of them white with foam, panting like lizards. There were about seventy-five of them in all, and some of them as fine animals as could be found in any country on earth. Those present from the old countries who had never witnessed such a scene before, stood almost paralyzed with excitement.

The enthusiasm manifested by the onlookers was so great that it almost lifted them from their feet. Before they had fairly gotten their breath and recovered from the shock another exhibition of horsemanship presented itself before them which almost left the first one in the shade. Four of the largest horsemen of them all, led by Lot Smith and Judson Stoddard, mounted four large and beautiful island horses, and entered the corral where the wild horses stood snorting like so many elk. Lot led the chase with his partner close behind him, followed by Judson Stoddard and his partner. While these wild animals were on the run around the large corral, Lot threw his lariat over the front foot of one of them, and at the same moment his partner had lassoed the same animal around the neck, and, with their lariats around the horns of their saddles, had in less than a half minute thrown the horse and dragged it over the soft and smooth surface of the corral, a distance of several rods, to a place where the fire and branding irons were, and in another half minute the horse was branded and turned loose. They had no more than gotten out of the way before Judson Stoddard and his partner had another horse ready for the finishing touch, and so it continued, until the band had been disposed of and turned loose on the range to make room for the next one that was expected at any moment. The valuable saddle horses ridden by these expert horsemen, were selected from the wild bands, while

on some of these long runs. It was a test that tried the mettle of every horse in the band, the horses that came out in the lead on a fifteen or twenty mile run could be depended upon as animals that were almost priceless for saddle animals, over a rough and mountainous country. That day the price of island horses rose fifty per cent, and the man who could afford to own one of these beautiful animals was considered lucky.

On the morning of the fourth day, President Young and party returned home, and those who composed the company declared without hesitation that they had had "the time of their lives," and would always look back to this excursion to Antelope Island with the greatest of pleasure.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SPRINGTIME.

(For the Improvement Era.)

The blossoms fragrant springing,
Down in the leafy dell,
The whisp'ring winds of springtime,
How sweet the tale they tell!

With joy we hail their coming,
O'erspreading hill and plain,
With wildest flowers the sweetest,
Hid in the mossy lane.

King Winter's reign is over,
The biting winds have flown,
All nature wakes to gladness,
Sings in melodious tone.

Warm breezes kiss the violets,
Where once the snows lay deep;
Full is the world of sunshine
That wakes the flowers from sleep.

LYDIA D. ALDER.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A CURE.

BY GEORGE D. PARKINSON.

Two women had just entered one of the residences in West Seventy-second St. (New York). As they laid off their wraps, it was not difficult to fix their relation to one another. A certain similarity of expression stamped them as mother and daughter, although their features were different in type. Mrs. Laughlin's hair was growing grey. Her face wore a look of sadness, and was, besides, rather dull. It did not seem ever to have been capable of vivacity. This negative expression was, in the daughter, merely a certain timidity of glance. The girl was pretty, about twenty, of a fresh and youthful complexion and moderate height. Both were fashionably dressed, and the home was luxuriously furnished.

Not a word was exchanged between the two until the upstairs sitting-room was gained, and the door closed. Mrs. Laughlin sank into a chair, and gazed at the fire. She was the first to speak.

"I cannot think of it otherwise than as a direct guidance, Rose. Mrs. Byle seems a dearer and more valuable friend to me every day."

Rose came over to her mother and sat down beside her. Mrs. Laughlin continued:

"The thought that it should have been your father who was so near us to-day! I have not felt his presence so vividly since his death." The widow leaned her head back, and closed her eyes.

Rose stroked her mother's forehead, murmuring; "Yes, mother." Then after a moment, "Our course is plain. I will marry Mr. Montvain in six weeks' time. Mrs. Byle's inspired words this

afternoon were like a command." She rose and went to her own room. Half-an-hour later, mother and daughter dined alone together.

It may have been half-past eight that evening when the maid brought up a card to Rose. "Tell Mr. Howard to wait," said the young lady. She entered the drawing-room, her hand trembled slightly as she gave it to the tall and stalwart man who rose at her entrance.

"I am glad that such a friend as you are, is the first to learn a bit of news of importance, that is—of importance for me," said Rose after a few minutes conversation.

"That friend is more sensible of the honor than he can tell you," said Howard, gallantly.

Miss Laughlin paled slightly as she said, "I am going to marry Max Montvain in six weeks' time."

The face of the man opposite her clouded over and he said gently, "That is unexpected news. I hardly know Montvain, but—the fact is, from what I know of him, I would never have fancied him in the light of your husband."

Miss Laughlin hesitated and an uncertain look was in her eyes. "It must be," she said at length. "I have known Mr. Montvain three months. Mother thinks highly of him, and wishes me to marry him. To-day we were at Mrs. Byle's again, and had some wonderful experiences. We received several messages from my own father, and he expressed it as being his will that I should take this step. Mrs. Byle has wonderful powers!" She had spoken in a low tone, and with downcast eyes during the last few sentences.

Howard controlled himself with difficulty. There was complete silence for a moment. Rose finally said, "You say, 'from what you know of Mr. Montvain.' What do you know of him?"

"Not much," said Howard in a strained and rather cold voice. "What I do know is not of the best flavor." Suddenly his heart surged up within him. "Rose," he said, "you know that I am more to you than a mere friend. I tell you that you are taking a step which will ruin your whole life. Montvain is an adventurer, or worse. I know it, though I have no proof yet. May I take the place of your father and brother in this matter? You and

your mother have received this man. Others have done so. But all is not right with him." He had risen to his feet as he commenced to speak, and now he stood before her. She rose, too, but turned away her head. Fear, hope, and uncertainty were wringing her. Suddenly she wheeled around towards Howard, and put both her hands in his for a moment. Then she left the room precipitately.

Matters had taken their course, and Max Montvain had now been for two weeks engaged to Miss Laughlin. His brilliant manner, his remarkable powers of conversation, added to a handsome face had succeeded in completely winning the heart of Mrs. Laughlin, largely accustomed to the dull companionship of her own thoughts. She and her daughter had led lonely lives the last few years. Their circle was not large, and included almost no male friends beside Howard and Montvain. They had met Montvain in the Adirondacks in September, and he had assiduously cultivated them since returning to town. Mrs. Laughlin had inherited the usual third of her husband's fortune, of which the remainder was now Rose's, but wealthy as she and her daughter were, society had small attractions for them. For three years Mrs. Laughlin had been an ardent believer in Spiritualism, and had almost given herself over to the guidance of a clairvoyant and medium named Mrs. Byle. Her daughter hardly knew what society was, so quiet had been her life by her mother's side. Yet the tie between mother and daughter was not a strong one. The mother's nature was undeveloped through lack of training. The daughter's, possessed of great capabilities, was trembling and straining to burst from its sombre surroundings into the light of life and sunshine. Since her engagement, a cloud of doubt had been hanging over Rose. She mistrusted both herself and her mother. Everything to which she had been holding just seemed crumbling in her fingers.

One evening just before dinner, Rose, in answering the telephone, recognized John Howard's voice.

"Are you free to-morrow evening?" After a second's pause, — "Unless Mr. Montvain should come."

"He will not come, Rose. Will you trust yourself to me for the evening?"

"How do you mean—'He will not come'?" asked Rose, wonderingly.

"I have reasons for thinking he will not. Will you be willing to go with an old friend if he calls for you in a hansom at eight to-morrow?"

Rose tried to calm her voice; which would tremble a little from excitement in spite of her as she said, "Yes, I shall expect you, then; thank you; good-bye," and hung up the receiver.

Howard helped Rose into the hansom next evening, and as the two sped down the avenue she felt safe and at home with her companion. He was genial, but his face was serious. As the cab reached Washington Arch, and plunged into the wilderness below the square, she could no longer keep the words back.

"Now you must tell me where we are going."

"I will tell you where and why," answered Howard, his manner growing grave and business-like. "Since leaving you a fortnight ago my spare time has been devoted to trying to substantiate my statements regarding Mr. Montvain." He paused and looked at his companion. She was leaning far back in the other corner of the vehicle, gazing straight before her. He continued:

"I obtained his address, and had not got much farther than the collection of a few bits of information regarding his daily habits, when chance led him in person across my path. I had been to the theatre alone rather less than a week after seeing you, and had gone afterward to a little restaurant in Twenty-fifth Street." Miss Laughlin had leaned her head back, and closed her eyes. Howard went on in a low tone.

"Montvain was pointed out once to me at a railway-station. Though I had seen him only on that one occasion, I had no difficulty in recognizing the man facing me at the next table as being he. He was not alone. A rather stout and still young woman was with him. Both were in evening dress. I could see the woman's profile distinctly in the mirror at her side, and should know her again if I saw her."

As Howard said this, gently and distinctly, he felt that the knee that had been just touching his trembled a little. He was silent for a few minutes. The rubber tires of the hansom were not sufficient to prevent a violent jolting of the vehicle on these

down-town streets. Miss Laughlin did not seem to be disturbed by it, however. Her limbs were quite immovable.

Howard went on, firmly, "I overheard some of their conversation. It was of an intimate character. Champagne was opened, and the woman proposed a toast to 'your approaching marriage, and its practical benefits to all concerned.' There seemed to be an understanding between them on some money-matters, and they both seemed to be looking forward to some stroke of good luck. When the pair rose to go, it was one o'clock. They agreed to meet at one of the down-town Hungarian restaurants to-night at eight-thirty. We are going there now. I want you to see them yourself."

Howard felt that Rose leaned heavily on his arm as they entered Stralce's restaurant. The usual glare and blare of lights and music met them at the door. They stood a moment practically hidden by a screen, while Howard made a brief survey of the crowded room. In the far corner to the left were the pair he sought, both in street dress this time, but in the same jovial mood as they had been a week ago. He pointed them out to Rose, but he was not prepared for the deadly paleness which followed her distinguishing them. She staggered and leaned close against him. "O God," she whispered, "take me away from here." He half supported, half carried her to the waiting hansom.

"Was that the same woman?" He just heard the words and answered, "yes."

"It was Mrs. Byle," she said, and leaned her head on his shoulder from sheer weariness.

A thousand thoughts had sped through Howard's mind during the last five minutes. He bent his head over the face beside him, and said, gently, "Do you think you could learn to love me without a medium?"

Rose shuddered a little, then said, half whispering, "I did, long ago."

University of Chicago.

A MESSAGE

FROM A WOMAN OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS TO THE
WOMEN IN ALL THE WORLD.

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES.

I.

If, in a railway carriage or on the street, or even in a cottage or drawing room, I were to be introduced to you, my stranger sister, as a "Mormon" just from Utah, your eyes would be instantly full of queries, even if your lips were too well bred to voice your thoughts. But you must know that I am very willing and pleased to answer all your questions. So now, as I have learned through experience and travel what you would ask, if you could, I shall try to answer you, and beg that you will not be satisfied with the brief information I may be able to impart about what you call "Mormonism."

First, then, "Am I ashamed of my parentage, birth, or religion?" You would not word it so, but that is the thought which lies at the root of your surprised ejaculation, "From Utah?" No, I am not ashamed; far to the contrary. Proud, indeed, am I of my birth into the home of one of the greatest men God ever sent to this earth, and of a mother who had few faults, who was exquisitely chaste and beautiful in mind, body and spirit; whose whole life was a prayer, and whose memory is a consecrated benediction. And I am glad and grateful that God showed me the truth in my young days, and taught me the glory of the mission of Jesus Christ, and the importance of the message which the Prophet Joseph Smith died to establish upon this earth, for the last time.

I have listened in fancy to the questions asked seventeen hundred years ago, by cultured and haughty Roman matrons, of the lowly Christian women who chanced to cross their way. I think I hear some Roman princess exclaim in soft, sarcastic tones, "So? And are you a Christian? Aren't those Christian people very unfortunate and degraded? No? I have heard so many dreadful things about that curious Carpenter who was a stable boy, and who was one of the most notorious criminals ever crucified. Such unchaste stories of the low people who followed him into all kinds of depravity and filth. Why, you know, a courier who came to our palace from the very heart of the city of Rome, told me just the other day that the disgraceful scenes the Christians enact in the very catacombs of our ancestors are too awful to repeat. Indeed, I myself suggested to the emperor last fall that these Christians were fit for nothing else but food for the hungry lions in the arena. I quite long to see the vile men and enslaved women wiped out from our great civilization. It is a blot upon the fair fame of our glorious Rome. Don't you think so?" It was so the Romans talked then. Is it not so people talk now? Yet truth is so mighty and so compelling, that those who receive of it, even if it be sometimes mixed with error, will die for their convictions. Truth has erected many altars, and almost as many scaffolds.

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world?" is your first question. The answer contains the foundation stone of all my faith. We believe that he was the very Son of God, the Only Begotten, in this world, of the Father. All others had human fathers as well as mothers, always excepting Adam, who was a being brought from another world. We worship God as our very eternal Father, and his Son Jesus Christ as the Mediator, the one only link between God and man. He is the author and finisher of our faith, and our elder brother. The first article of our faith, written by Joseph Smith, reads: "We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost." We worship him with all the devotion and adoration possible to humanity. We love him so truly that we are constantly ready to forgive our cruel enemies for his blessed sake. We pray to God in the name of Jesus, not in set, formal, written prayer, but with the loving trust which long years of nearness to him has begotten

within us. He has heard our prayers in the past, and will bend down his ear to our infirmities in the future. For he bears upon his own person the marks of the same savage persecution which now follows us in our endeavor to testify anew of his life, his mission, and his glory.

If, then, we accept Christ, you ask, "Why do you place so much stress upon the life and mission of Joseph Smith?"

Joseph Smith was a new witness for God. He declared that he saw the Father and the Son in the grove near his home. He never repudiated that testimony. In a world which is seeking to deny the personality and the mission of that Savior, a new witness to his divine mission and person is a vital necessity. Joseph Smith saw Him, and saw his Father. It requires no moral courage to declare that Jesus is the Christ; eighteen centuries of struggle and sacrifice have made that fact universally known, if not accepted, by almost every kindred, tongue and people. But it does require courage, of the highest type, to declare that Joseph Smith was a prophet, and that he saw, in a vision, the Father and the Son. All that scorn and hatred can do, has been and is now being done to silence that testimony. To bear testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet, is but a new declaration that there is a God, and that he came with his Son once more to earth, to usher in a new dispensation, or to restore the gospel in its fulness and purity.

"Are not all Christians traveling the same road to heaven?" you ask. Certainly they are, if they accept Jesus as the Christ. They will all be saved, but not all will be exalted. Christ said while upon earth, "Straight is the gate, narrow is the way." He was a devout believer in organization. He did not place the succession of his presidency upon several of his disciples. To Peter only did he say, "Feed my sheep." And the apostles acknowledged that choice by accepting the subsequent leadership of Peter. Paul tells us there is but one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. There is no single word of all Christ's teaching which would indicate that people could choose their own road to heaven. Men's standards of right and wrong vary, almost as their faces vary. There must be one recognized authority to administer law, and to interpret it. The Latter-day Saints believe that heaven is more definite, and far more exquisitely organized than is possible for

mortality to conceive. Intelligences are as unequal as are bodies. There will always be need for a government, both in a family and in a public capacity, which shall furnish opportunities for the restraint of the superior force and the full exercise of the inferior force. If, then, the kingdom of God is to be based upon immutable laws, who shall administer them unless there be officers? There may be many lines which approach the perpendicular, but there is only one which follows the exact upright. And, it will be noticed, none of the lines approaching this exact line, ever touch it. They may waver, now near, now far, but they never meet and mingle. When the crooked line becomes straight, it is absorbed and lost in the true perpendicular. So there can be but one way, one Church. He has said it.

"Did Joseph Smith receive a revelation from God?" is your next incredulous question. "Did he really see an angel, and can intelligent, wide-awake American women assert in sincerity that such an astounding thing be true?"

Let me begin my answer by reminding you that, in a court of justice, when a man is accused of falsehood, the burden of proof lies with the accuser. Joseph Smith solemnly maintained the truth of his statement, in the face of hatred, scorn, and mob violence, and finally death itself sealed his testimony with his heart's blood.

Paul tells us that faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. If God had arranged all his earthly work with a view to convincing the children of men through the five senses, he would have defeated his own primal law, which law is the law of faith. If we saw an angel once a day, there would be no occasion for us to pray, nor to exercise faith in angels, in God, or in his manifestations. We would know that angels live, and they would no doubt give us very accurate information concerning heavenly things and principles. The scientist must develop a profound faith in the presence of an atom, for none of his senses prove its existence. Yet, where knowledge is, there is no need for faith. God lives, but we must develop faith to accept that fact. Angels come to earth, but you and I, perhaps, have never seen one. Shall we deny all these facts because they have not reached any of our senses?

Read your Bible. Do you believe that the angel appeared to Abraham on the Plains of Mamre? Did God show himself to Moses? Did he speak to John the Baptist when he was baptizing Jesus? Did Moses and Elias appear to Jesus and his three disciples on the Mount? And was it the voice of God or another who said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him"? If there were angels then, why not now? Did God love his children then and not now?

One of the greatest external testimonies ever given to the truth of the mission and the statements of Joseph Smith is offered by the passionate devotion of the hard-headed, shrewd, New Englanders who followed him across a continent, and who died for the testimony they bore of his integrity.

You are telling me that religious enthusiasm is the world's common property. Even so, men do not go to the death for a lie. If they are ready to put their lives in the breach of their statements, they have some measure of truth, you may depend upon it. If there is another world, and not many people question that truth, why shall not the inhabitants of that world have the power to visit this, when it is decreed? You say we do not visit other worlds; can you prove that? It is our belief that we agreed to forget our former knowledge when we came to this earth in order to grasp and accept the mighty truths of faith; and the power of faith controls the universe.

Jesus told Peter that upon the rock of personal revelation to the human heart he would build his Church. In that way, and in no other, can you or I or anyone obtain the information we seek. Ask God to convince your heart whether Joseph Smith received a revelation from him, and whether he saw an angel or not. On that one proof I rest all my case, without fear or doubt. Men cannot satisfy you, I could not convince you of this; reading about Jesus' life and work, and studying the ancient and modern scriptures, are but helps in this direction. Go to the Mighty One who met Joseph Smith in the grove at Palmyra, in 1820, and he will surely answer your honest, sincere request.

"Why was Joseph Smith of all men chosen to receive a revelation?"

It is true that Joseph Smith was a poor, uneducated boy.

There were many learned and eloquent scholars in the world, who could have convinced other scientific men about the truth of the Book of Mormon. The ancient scriptural writers, however, describe a learned man as one who is wise in his own conceit. Jesus was born in a stable, and chose unlettered fishermen for his apostles and successors. He himself was a carpenter. Paul, the one scholar among the Twelve, bitterly descants, in the second chapter of 1st Corinthians, upon the dangers of earthly learning, and the snares of worldly wisdom. In no time in the world's history, has the Lord chosen the strong to confound the weak, or the wise to betray the foolish.

"How can enlightened people accept polygamy?"

We answer that question by asking another, How can Christians accept the Bible as the word of God? And who will condescend to sit down in his kingdom by the old polygamous patriarchs? If polygamy was so abominable, why did not the Savior pronounce against it? But that principle has been withdrawn from the Church. It is neither taught nor practiced by the Latter-day Saints today. What, you ask, was it true yesterday, and not true today? Your own contention makes it true for Abraham and untrue for moderns. However, I do not take that stand. What is true once, is true forever. Yet, a truth may be given today, and withheld tomorrow. Let me quote, for the first and last time, from the Book of Mormon. Jacob, one of the ancient Nephite prophets, denounces in unmistakable language the practice, which had obtained among the people, of taking many wives and concubines, after the pattern of David and Solomon. The Lord chastises the Nephites for this, as they had no authority from him to introduce the principle. He closes his reprimand with the following significant words: "For if I will, saith the Lord of hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people. Otherwise, they shall hearken unto these things." That is the substance of the whole matter. When for a special purpose a plurality of wives is decreed of God, he will give commandment therefor. Otherwise, he gives no man this permission. As to the results of this principle, the words of the Savior, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is truly applicable. It was entered into (no matter how mistakenly according to our Christian

friends), entirely as a religious sacrament, and it was lived in purity by most of the men and women who thus accepted it. The fruits of these marriages are before the world. It would be difficult to find a finer race of men and women, morally, mentally, and physically, than has been produced through that order of marriage. There were never more than four per cent of the people who accepted the doctrine in the old days, and nearly all of these brave men and devoted women are gone beyond. But their children are here, and we are not ashamed of them in Utah. Look at them, talk with them, and judge for yourself. It is only stating a fact to say that they form the governing class in Utah, civilly, educationally and socially. (But it would be difficult, now, to find more than a score of men, even in Salt Lake City, who are still practicing that principle.) We have suspended plural marriage, in obedience to the same power that established it. Therefore, it is neither taught nor discussed in Utah. But I have touched upon it here, lest you might think I had something to conceal. "Mormonism," so-called, or the gospel, courts the light, is glad to stand in the brightest flood of keen investigation. All that is asked is, that you uncover every principle, search out each doctrine for yourself.

Your next question is an easy one to answer.

"What has the gospel done for the women of the Church?"

Verily, "by their fruits ye shall know them." If so-called "Mormonism" had depraved and enslaved its women, as our enemies assert, there would be good ground for Christian efforts to redeem them from that condition. Let us see.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

PEACE, GOODWILL.

A kindly thought can never come in vain;
Yet thoughts soon die if left but to remain
Unused, inactive, clogging heart and brain;
Let me ne'er smother helpful impulse thus.
When Heavenly Father gives me generous thought,
Let me believe some blessing should be wrought
For someone, somewhere; let the chance be sought,
And some poor, answered prayer made marvelous.

But should a thought un-Christ-like and unkind
Enter my soul, disturbing heart and mind,
Envy or selfishness, or both combined,
Such thought or feeling I would quickly kill;—
It should not live to grow and to extend,
To make me injure or distrust a friend;
I would not voice it, all my words must blend
With that blest angel chorus—Peace, Goodwill!

I love you, Dear Ones! Let me say it now!
I think of you when before Heaven I bow,
And ask that God all best things will allow
For each one's present and eternal good.
My Dear Ones, let us in sweet union live,
Nor thoughtless speak, hearts are so sensitive;
What seems unfair, be ready to forgive,
And simply say 'twas but misunderstood.

And oh, my friends, I prize your friendship now!
I will not wait death's touch on either brow;
If I have hurt you, kindly tell me how,
So I may prove that good was meant, not ill.
For sudden death today seems in the air;
A heart may cease its throbbings anywhere,
At any moment; oh, my soul, prepare!
With all the world and Heaven hold Peace, Goodwill!

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

RANDY.

BY ELVIN J. NORTON, SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.,
POCATELLO STAKE.

VIII.

Early in the afternoon the telephone manager at Pine Fort put in a call for Maple Creek.

"I can't remember all that," said the girl at the division exchange. "Here's Maple Creek—talk with them yourself."

There was a rattle of connections, and then "Hello!" came in another voice.

"Are there any people in your neighborhood by the name of Rogers?" asked the Pine Fort manager.

"Yes, I believe there's a family of Rogerses up the creek," was the answer.

"We want Dick Rogers for M. Burke at Pine Fort," said the manager slowly.

"Dick—Rogers—for—M—Burke," came back over the wire."

"That's right," said the manager. "Now have him brought just as soon as possible. This is very important business."

"All right," was the answer, and the receivers clicked in the hooks. Mack Burke, who had heard one side of the conversation, walked out to pace back and forth in anxious waiting for an hour; and the clerk in the little Maple Creek store, where the telephone was placed, turned to the crowd of loafers round him, among whom he had no trouble in finding one ready to profit on the spoil of misfortune by receiving a big fee for the little task of bringing Dick Rogers to the telephone.

"Dick Rogers?" said the one intrusted with the message.

"He means Sam Rogers, don't he?"

"No," answered someone; "that's all right. It's Sam's brother's boy, Dick from Westside. He's been here a month feedin' sheep for Sam."

Thus enlightened, the messenger set off, and without any unnecessary loss of time, found Dick at the home of Sam Rogers.

A telephone call for a boy of sixteen, from a place seventy-five miles away in the opposite direction from his home, had a mystery which neither Dick nor his relatives could understand. They lost no time, however, in preparing to answer the call. Dick ran to the house for his coat, while his Uncle Sam put the saddle on Nibs.

"Well, I guess I'm ready," called out Dick as he sprang into the saddle.

"I can't imagine what it means," returned his uncle.

"But I'll soon know what it is," said Dick, riding out of the yard. "Good-by, Uncle Sam."

It was nearly three o'clock when the clerk in the Maple Creek store rang up the exchange and gave notice that Dick Rogers was waiting.

"Here they are, ready for you," said the clerk to Dick a moment later.

Dick, trembling all over, took the receiver and shouted "Hello!"

"Hello!" answered Mack Burke, with nearly the same awkwardness. "Be you Dick Rogers?"

"Yes—I'm Dick Rogers."

"Have you got a brother named Randy?"

"Named what?"

"Do you know a boy named Randy?" asked Mack, more distinctly.

"I guess I do," was the eager answer. "What about him?"

"He's here, an' he's awful sick," said Mack; "an' we want some of ye to come on the train tonight. I'll meet the train here. I don't know what time the train comes down the valley, but I guess ye ain't got much time, for it's kind o' late now."

"All right. I think I can make it," answered Dick, and without waiting for Mack's next words, or to offer any explanation to the listening idlers round him, he laid the receiver down

and hurried out of the room. A few minutes later he was giving Nibs his own time on the road to Westside.

Dick was extremely disappointed, though not surprised, when he found that Henry Palmer was not at home. He dreaded to break the news to the mother and sister; and, knowing that Henry was the one to go to Randy, and must therefore be found before the train passed, he reasoned that no time would be lost by finding the brother first. But when, after failing in his inquiry at the store, Dick saw the locomotive smoke a mile up the valley, he regretted seriously not having told Rachel and her mother all about it. When, however, he saw Rachel making her way towards the station, he thrilled with hope again, and gently stroked the faithful Nibs in commendation of the good speed he was making. Reining his pony up at the side of Rachel, he lost no time in answering her question why he wanted Henry. His heart sank again when he saw Rachel stagger under the weight of his sad message, but the next moment he saw that she was herself again, and in compliance with her direction, he dashed ahead to signal the train.

Then the engine answered his signal. Dick stepped aside with more relief. He saw Rachel enter the saloon, and felt a deep sympathy for her in the anguish he knew she was in. But he thought of that only a moment, for matters of even greater consequence weighed upon his mind. He feared that his ride would yet prove in vain. The locomotive passed majestically by him, the freight cars followed, the two passenger coaches drew up slowly, and all was still. He looked anxiously towards the saloon, but did not see Henry.

"Come on here, young man!" called out the conductor on the nearest car steps.

"The man that is goin' is in the saloon," shouted Dick eagerly.

"In the saloon!" returned the conductor, with an oath, and giving a lantern signal for the train to start, "What do you mean by stopping the train in this way?"

"But his brother is sick, and he must go," persisted the boy.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor impatiently.

Acting on the first impulse, Dick started to run towards the saloon, but the rattling of the starting cars told him it was too late. With one more despairing glance at the saloon, he ran back

and sprang to the steps of one of the moving coaches. He turned again and saw Rachel running towards the train, and Henry coming after her. Notwithstanding the twilight, he thought he saw the pain in her face. He waved his hand to her, but was sure she did not see him, for at the same moment she reeled and fell against her brother.

Dick's next experience was in facing the conductor without money to pay for his fare; not because he was poor, but because the stirring events of the afternoon had not left him time to think of money. But he had little trouble in this respect—except to remain on the platform till the conductor should find him, he gave the matter very little thought. His purpose was to go to Randy, and he was determined to go. The conductor forgot his haughtiness of a few moments before, took an interest in the boy's story, and decided he was not dealing with a tramp. He not only carried Dick to the junction on the main line, but lent him money to buy his ticket on to Pine Fort.

The overland train was considerably late. Dick walked the platform for nearly an hour. He thought of trying to send a message back to Westside. But what could he tell Randy's relatives? He knew as yet no more than they. It would surely be better to wait till he reached Pine Fort, when he could send a more definite message. He was still wondering what to do when the train came and decided the matter for him.

In another hour the overland train came to a stop at Pine Fort. Mack, who had hoped to meet the father or the mother of the sick boy, was disappointed to find, among the three or four who stepped from the train, no man nor woman that seemed to be looking for him. A common feeling of anxiety, however, soon drew him and Dick together, and they were not long in learning that each was the one whom the other sought. Both tried to cut their introduction short, for both were anxious to reach their sick friend. Dick's only question brought out the answer, that the doctor, returning to Pine Fort in the evening, had reported Randy apparently better; and Mack was satisfied for the time being when he learned that the word had reached Randy's relatives, and that Dick had come in answer to his message. But Dick had an immediate duty to perform. He explained briefly that he was not

Randy's brother; that the latter had missed the train, and that a message must be sent back to the sick boy's family. Mack saw the wisdom of this, and they hastened to the telephone office. When they called for Westside, however, the exchange told them that the Westside store, in which the telephone was placed, had evidently closed, for no one could be roused by the bell. Mack then suggested the telegraph; but Dick knew there was no telegraph office at Westside. Dick censured himself for not sending word back from the junction, and asking someone to answer his call when he reached Pine Fort. But the best he could do now was to leave a message to be sent at the first opportunity, saying that Randy was reported better, and that someone would meet the train the next evening.

During the hour's ride to the Burke home, Dick and Mack talked of nothing but Randy. Each knew what the other was eager to learn. Dick's intimate knowledge of his playmate's character enabled him to see Randy in all the actions and all the peculiar moods described by Mack. The man's sympathy, on the other hand, drank in the sadness which Dick's story contained. The struggles of the widowed mother, the courageous work of the brave sister, the despondency of the weak brother—all called forth compassion from the honest Mack. True, he saw in Randy's course much that he could not approve. But the truth, now laid bare by the boy's most intimate friend, caused him to love Randy more than ever.

At eleven o'clock they reached Mack's home. The good mother and father, though of course sorry that none of Randy's own family had come, gave Dick a warm welcome, and were greatly relieved to know that with them was the boy who had one of the first places in Randy's affections.

Mrs. Burke led Dick to the sick boy's bedside and told in a few words of Randy's condition. The boy had lain, she said, in a stupor since early in the afternoon, and it was hard to say at that time how the sickness would probably turn. She said he had shown no signs of consciousness since taking the medicine last brought by the doctor, but before that time he had awakened and spoken to them occasionally. With these explanations, she quietly withdrew to join her husband and Mack, and listen to the latter's story—a story she was anxious to hear.

Dick leaned over the bed, pale and trembling. For twelve months he had longed to see Randy, but had not imagined such a meeting as this. He knew little of the sick room. He was alarmed by the flushed face, the short breath, the parched lips, and the strange mutterings. He passed his hand over the hot forehead, and felt a thrill at the strange contact with the boy he loved so much. His mind filled with a flood of thoughts. He recalled his own and Randy's past life. He remembered many joys and disappointments, many acts of merit and mischief. He thought of what must be the apprehension and suspense in the Palmer home at this moment. And in some way—he knew not how—he connected all this with the sick friend before him. Sorrow had had so little place in his own life, that he felt dazed with the reality—he wondered if it was a reality. Then he thought of what might be the outcome;—a grief-stricken mother and sister and brother,—a vacancy, a lost part, an inexplicable something in his own life. But he could not reason it out. The tears ran down his cheeks and dropped on Randy's burning face, and he knelt down by the bedside, hid his face in his arms, and wept as only a boy can weep.

Unobserved by Dick, Mrs. Burke watched him and shed tears of sympathy herself. When he was calm again, she returned to resume her faithful watch over Randy. Then Mack and Mr. Burke came in, and all four sat near the bed. Forgetting sleep or rest for themselves, they talked until long after midnight. In a suppressed undertone, Dick portrayed before his new acquaintances many interesting pictures in Randy's life and home surroundings. Usually the pauses in his remarks were filled in by Mack with some incident in his own experience with Randy that emphasized traits of character which Dick's words were intended to show. Then Dick told how Randy's mother had struggled against great difficulties to make her children comfortable and happy; how Rachel had bravely assumed the burden of nearly supporting the family; and how Henry was fighting against an evil habit that was gaining more and more power over him. Their hearts went out in compassion for these people, who, they knew, were in deep sorrow this night; and they had a greater interest in the boy before them, whom they knew better and loved better than ever before.

During all this conversation, Mrs. Burke had risen frequently to wait upon Randy. He required constant attention, and it was agreed that Mack and Dick should watch him during the remainder of the night. Mrs. Burke applied a spoonful of water to his dry lips. He did not take the water so eagerly as he had done before, and Dick's quick eye detected something like uneasiness in Mrs. Burke's expression.

"His fever is not so high as it was," she said, turning to the others.

"His eyes are open!" whispered Dick.

Turning to Randy, they saw him looking vacantly at the ceiling. Then his eyes moved round the room, fixing their gaze for a moment unconsciously on some of the most conspicuous objects. Dick stepped a little closer to the bed. Randy looked at him; but did not seem to distinguish between him and the others, or even between him and the furniture about him. In a few moments the eyes of the two comrades met again. This time something like consciousness began to show itself in Randy's expression—a kind of wonder, as if the boy was trying to solve a puzzle. Dick longed to hear him speak, and stood trembling under the influence of varied emotions. At last he leaned over the half-conscious face and asked, "Do you know me, Randy?"

That name—which had not fallen upon the ears of its owner for a year—now spoken by a familiar voice, acted like a powerful stimulant. His expression of wonder passed into surprise, and then his face lighted with a smile. A moment more he looked into Dick's face as though waiting for ideas to form in his mind. Then he asked, in a tone stronger than he had spoken in for three days,—

"Is it Dick?"

"Yes," answered Dick, tears of joy filling his eyes.

"Am I home, Dick?" asked Randy, with a show of bewilderment.

"No, Randy; but I've come to take you home," Dick said; and he knelt down so as to be closer to Randy.

"That's good," answered the sick boy, putting his hand out from the cover, and closing his eyes as if to collect his thoughts. Dick clasped the hand—no longer hot with fever—in both his own.

Again Randy opened his eyes. "Did Nibs come home?" he asked.

"Yes, Randy;—but we'll talk about this some other time," answered Dick, seeing the anxious expression on Mrs. Burke's face; "everything is all right. You must get some rest now." And he started to rise.

Randy took hold of Dick's hand. "Don't go," he said, "I ain't tired." His words, like his breath, were quick and short. Again he closed his eyes, and there was silence. Mrs. Burke passed her hand over his forehead: the fever was gone; his brow was moist. His eyes opened again, and his features showed more consciousness than before. "Yes, I remember," he said, "this is Mack's home. Mack is the one that give me a job when I come f'm Westside." He paused for breath.

"Will you take your medicine now and cover up?" asked Mrs. Burke, trying to divert his thoughts.

"I want to talk with Dick jest a minute first," he said, looking again at the boy whose hand he held so firmly. "You know, the night I left ye, Dick? I turned Nibs loose and come on the train. The train was late.—Mack will tell ye the rest." It now required considerable effort for him to speak; but he went on brokenly, "Ye know the paper Ray give me that night, Dick?—I tore it up, ye know.—I felt sorry when you looked at me like you did.—I found a piece—and them leaves—. They're in my coat.—It don't read now like it did—." His voice was weaker, and he stopped from exhaustion. He seemed trying to unload the burden of his mind in one moment. Dick, seeing the effort it cost Randy to recall the scenes of that sad night, was cut to the heart, and could not keep back the tears. Mack and his parents were bending over the bed. But Randy did not see them—his eyes were closed. Once more he spoke, but only in a whisper,—

"I was mean to you all, Dick.—Take me back home!"

Randy turned his head so as to breathe more freely. Mrs. Burke fanned him gently with her handkerchief. Mack and his father stood with bowed heads in reverent, breathless attention. Dick still knelt by the bedside, yielding his right hand to the cold grasp of his friend, and covering his own eyes with his left. Randy tried again to speak, but failed to make a sound. Then,

with all his remaining strength centered in one final struggle, he whispred feebly, "Henry—Ray—mother!"—and all was silent.

IX.

Henry Palmer was suddenly restored to full reasoning power when he found himself supporting his unconscious sister in front of Miles's saloon. He lost no time in having her taken home. In a few words he told his frightened mother the little that he saw and heard from the time when Rachel spoke to him in the saloon. There was something in his tone and countenance which begged the mother not to reprove him; and she was careful not to allude to his conduct. Under the heavy weight of sorrow caused by this sad news, they both worked diligently in applying restoratives to Rachel. As there was no doctor at Westside, they were forced to rely upon their own skill and that of their kind neighbors. In spite of their incessant efforts, it was several hours before Rachel began to revive. At last her eyes opened; and, although she had only a fraction of the strength she had possessed a few hours before, her consciousness was the source of much comfort to her mother and Henry.

Meantime steps had been taken to learn more about Randy. Henry and Mrs. Palmer expected Dick to return and tell what he knew. After waiting an hour for him, they decided that he must have gone on the train. Then a willing messenger was sent to Dick's home for information; but he came back with the report that Dick's parents did not know their boy was in the town, and had sent a man to Maple Creek to inquire about him. The merchant, who had the telephone in his store, was asked about the matter; but no word had come to him. Although very few would think of such a thing as a message from Randy being sent to Maple Creek, Henry thought of it, and tried to inquire of the neighboring village, only to find that the Maple Creek store was closed for the night. Had he inquired of the exchange office, he might have found trace of the message, but he knew too little of the telephone system to think of that, and if the merchant thought of it, he did not mention it. At last they decided that all they could do was to send a messenger again to the Rogers home to wait for the man who had gone to Maple Creek.

Then followed an anxious hour. Rachel, who was now conscious again, could of course tell them nothing they did not know. While they waited, the telephone rang the Westside call, but no one heard it, although the grieving family whom the call sought were anxious to hear some definite tidings. The mother broke down in frequent tears, while Rachel spoke consoling words of hope; and Henry walked the floor telling himself that he was largely to blame for it all.

At last the man returned from Maple Creek, and the messenger sent to Dick's home brought back word that a message had come to Dick from Pine Fort. Henry hastened to rouse the merchant again and go to the telephone. Putting in a call for Pine Fort, he received the message left for him—that Randy was reported apparently better, and that the train would be met the next day.

As might be expected, this news gave considerable relief; for now they knew where to look for the long lost boy, and could plan definitely for his comfort. And all three of them spent the most of that night thinking and planning. The events of the evening and their solicitude for Randy were not such as to let them sleep. Notwithstanding the fact that the train would not leave till evening, they were all astir early in the morning, and at breakfast time had every preparation made for Henry's departure.

Several hours wore on monotonously. Shortly before noon a messenger brought a telephone call for Henry. Apprehensive of the worst during those hours of painful waiting, Mrs. Palmer and Rachel were greatly alarmed by the call. Henry tried to persuade them and himself that the tidings were as likely to be good as bad; but even he was pale and trembling when he hurriedly left the house. On his way to the store he could not avoid seeing in his imagination a still greater calamity, chargeable to his own weakness, and still more necessity for him to become a real support for a sorrowing mother and sister; so that when he reached the telephone he was to some extent prepared to receive the message which came—that Randy was dead. The sad announcement dazed him for a moment; but having learned the worst, he controlled himself and calmly asked for the details. Then he listened while Dick briefly told him the story. Henry heard and approved

the plans which Dick and Mack proposed—that everything necessary be procured at Pine Fort, and arrangements be made to bring the body home the next morning—the morning of Christmas day.

Henry returned home and told the sad news. Words, spoken or written, cannot portray grief which follows in the wake of death. The news passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and a dark gloom spread over the whole village. Many who, in ordinary trouble, are ready to judge and censure, are silenced to reverence by the awful presence of death; and so on this occasion all hearts were drawn by a cord of sympathy to the Palmer home. Men gathered in small groups and talked of the event and its mournful circumstances; mothers and sisters spoke in subdued tones and shed silent tears as they worked; boys moved aimlessly up and down the road, trying to realize that they could no longer hope for Randy to be with them.

Henry did not go to Pine Fort. The one daily train left West-side in the evening and returned in the morning. Had he gone, he would have had only a few hours in the middle of the night at Pine Fort, during which time he could neither have rendered assistance in the care of the body, nor gone out to the Burke home to express his gratitude for the kindness shown his sick brother. Dick had assured him that with the help of Mack everything would be carefully attended to. Henry's one hope and purpose now was to comfort his mother and sister; and after carefully weighing every consideration, he decided that he could do more good by staying at home, and in the early evening telephoned his decision to Dick.

Although there were some reasons why Henry should have gone, Mrs. Palmer and Rachel were glad he remained;—for this was Christmas Eve. They found comfort in having him with them, as hour after hour brought vivid recollections of a year ago. On Christmas Eve Randy had gone away;—on Christmas Eve his mortal form was waiting to come back. On Christmas Eve they had expected a happy day to follow;—on Christmas Eve they could see before them one of the saddest days they had known. Thoughts like these occupied their minds, and little was said during that long, sad night. Henry connected all with his thoughtless course, and heaped even too much blame on his own head; but when his

mother and sister thought of him, it was with feelings, not of censure, but of compassion and love and hope.

At last Christmas Eve merged into Christmas morning. The late dawn found the village already awake. Little children with eager joy grasped their precious, well-filled stockings, and cautiously emptied them of their mysterious loads. Parents and older children joined the tots in their mirth and frolic. But still in nearly every home might be seen the effect of Randy's death. Many of the people, old and young, rode out to meet the morning train. Among these was Dick's father, whom the Palmers had asked to direct the funeral. He had a large sleigh in which to convey the coffin. By his side was Henry; but Mrs. Palmer and Rachel had preferred to remain at home. Soon after the people had gathered at the station, the train came in—impatient, stately, unmindful of the burden it carried. Strong hands carefully drew from the baggage car a large box and placed it in Mr. Rogers' sleigh. In solemn procession the people moved away, their number increased by two sad mourners, Dick Rogers and Mack Burke.

For several hours the coffin remained in the Palmer home, surrounded by those heart-rending scenes which would not bear description, even if description were possible. During part of this time, at Mrs. Palmer's request, Mack and Dick told the sorrowing family the simple story of Randy's life during the past year. Dick's part of the story was an account of the boy's last moments of consciousness. More tears were shed when he told how Randy had cherished the fragment of a note and the dried holly leaves. No further proof was needed of his fond remembrance of home. With trembling hands Rachel opened the little soiled packet. She looked at the scrap of paper, and thought how strange it was that a brief note, written hurriedly and intended only for a moment's service, had become so precious. It had been treasured by Randy; but it was now many times dearer to her than it could have been to him. From an old family chest she took a handkerchief which had been intended for Randy a year ago. It was of pure white silk, delicately embroidered in a corner, "From Santa Claus—R. to R." Unfolding the handkerchief she poured into it the broken and powdered leaves and the dried berry, and with them placed the fragment of paper. Round these she carefully folded the handkerchief

again, securing it with the pin that Randy had used for the same purpose. Then she put the parcel away to be kept among her most sacred treasures.

Mrs. Palmer found consolation in the fact that Randy had passed most of the year with the honest herder. She was especially comforted to know that her boy had been under such tender care during the last days of his life. She clasped Mack's hand and thanked him from her soul for his kindness and the kindness of his father and mother. Nor did she forget to express her gratitude to Dick for the assistance he had given. It was a sad regret, she said, that no member of the family could talk with Randy before his death; but it was a joy to know that he had died holding the hand of his dearest friend.

These hours spent alone with Dick and Mack were the source of great strength to Mrs. Palmer and Henry and Rachel. With feelings more reconciled, they faced the remaining sorrowful events of the day. They were consoled by the kind words spoken at the funeral service, and with hope revived they rode behind the coffin to the grave yard. Here their hearts were torn again as the coffin was quietly lowered and covered in the earth; but when the last duties for the dead were performed, they partly calmed themselves, stepped from the sleigh, and walked up to the grave.

The people gradually withdrew, until only Dick and Mack remained with the grief-stricken family. Mrs. Palmer, supported by Rachel and Henry, stood a few moments, absently gazing at the heap of brown soil. At first she thought how well Randy's early death had its similitude in this new-made heap surrounded by snow-covered graves. Then she thought of a time when she had stood beside another new-made grave only a few feet from Randy's. The man who had been laid in that other grave now had in the son at her side a counterpart in every respect but one. What a comfort it would be to her, she thought, if Henry could be like his father! The great sorrow of parting with her husband; the disappointment she had met in the course of her older son; the anxiety of the past year; the bitter pangs of the present grief;—how all these burdens would be mitigated if she could see in Henry the realization of the ideal she had formed in her mind before he yielded to intemperance. She believed he had the power to resist; she believed he

could become like his father if he would face the evil with an invincible determination to succeed; and she longed for him to renew faith in himself, and bring to her sad home a great Christmas blessing.

Henry was sure he knew the burden of his mother's thoughts. He silently drew his arm from hers and walked slowly to the opposite side of the grave. He saw Dick wiping the fresh tears from his cheek, and Mack gazing thoughtfully at the lifeless mound; he saw his mother and sister standing arm in arm,—sad, alone, as though deprived of his strength to sustain them; he saw, thrown clearly on the grave by the bright Christmas sunshine, his own shadow—the shadow of a stalwart man! Had he, then, merely the appearance of strong manhood? Was there not, somewhere within that manly form, a power equal to the present burden? He walked back to his mother and sister. Then, as though answering the thoughts of his mother, he took their hands in his, and said, with a determination they could not doubt,—with an earnestness which gave them, even in this sorrowful moment, a joy they had not felt in many long, long months,—in words, calm, but rising from a power he had never known,—

“Rachel, mother:—I can;—I will!”

[THE END.]

Pocatello, Idaho.

THE TEST OF LIFE.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

'Tis easy to die like a hero, when the blood is at fever heat,
Quickened to lust of battle by bugle and marching feet.

We honor the martial enlistment, when glory calleth to strife;
A heroic deed is applauded, but 'tis not the test of life.

But to heed the heart's low voice, though the spirit of pleasure be rife,
And to stand, if needs be, alone, is a surer test of life.

And to fulfill a humble mission, ever true to duty's call,
Doing each day one's very best, is the truest test of all.

Waterloo, Utah.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT CONTENTION.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

Some companies of negro soldiers had been stationed at Brownsville, southern Texas. A protest was made at the time by citizens of the town. Negro soldiers do not meet a very hearty welcome in perhaps any community near which they are stationed. The Afro-American is permitted to enlist in the army; and the army officers have had no little trouble in so regulating his service as to avoid race antagonism. In Brownsville such antagonism was manifested, and the differences between the people and the soldiers became quite serious. The negro soldier naturally feels that he is in the service of his country, that in some way he is the servant of the government, and is therefore entitled to some recognition; but race hatred prevents the recognition that the white man might receive. In August, 1906, while the negroes were in barracks at Brownsville, a number of them scaled the walls and made an attack upon the town. Bullets were fired into the homes of the people, the sheriff was wounded, a man was killed and the town terrorized by the soldiers. As soon as the shooting ceased, the soldiers immediately returned to the barracks and were not identified by their officer. The affair created some excitement throughout the country, and an army officer was at once detailed to make an investigation. The soldiers were all mum. They either did not know who took part in the affair, or would not give evidence against their comrades. It was a very serious matter for soldiers whose sworn duty it is to protect life and property and maintain the peace of the country to be thus engaged in a most disorderly and murderous riot. From the investigation made, it looked very much as if there were a conspiracy to conceal the

names of those who took part in the affair. Whether the conspiracy was general is not known, but it was certainly evident that some of the negro soldiers who did not take part had knowledge of the affair. It was certainly necessary that some punishment be meted out, for such conduct was demoralizing to army discipline, and disgraceful to the army of the United States. But the guilty ones could not be found. What should be done? Upon recommendation of the army officer, detailed to make the investigation, the President of the United States dismissed all the companies of the barracks at Brownsville, without honor; and by way of further punishment declared them ineligible to hold any office of honor or trust or emolument in the military service of the United States, and he further declared them ineligible for any civil service within the gift of the federal government.

The order of the president created an uproar among the colored population of the United States who had a host of sympathizers among the white population, especially of the North. It was soon perceived that innocent soldiers might have been punished in equal severity with the guilty ones. There was no trial by court martial nor was there a trial by the civil courts. The punishment was upon the summary order of the president for their dismissal.

Those familiar with the early history of Utah, remember a similar disgraceful riot by federal troops stationed near Provo. The soldiers there were not welcomed into the social life of the people, and were excluded from the dances. They took offense at such ostracism and raided the town in the middle of the night, shot into houses, attempted to burn the tabernacle, broke in the windows and doors of private homes, and treated the people to a reign of terror for one night. In those days the complaints of the people and their remonstrances were answered by stationing the troops in the heart of the town. Even the soldiers who took part in the riot, and against whom evidence was overwhelming, were turned loose without punishment. It did not then seem to make much difference what outrages the federal troops in Utah perpetrated against its inhabitants.

The Brownsville incident at once gave rise to an attack upon

the authority exercised by the president in dismissing the colored troops without honor, and inflicting upon them the disabilities of future civil or military service. Some of the leading journals of the United States, notably the *New York Sun*, at once took issue with the President. When Congress convened, the Brownsville incident at once became the subject of resolutions. Senator Foraker offered one authorizing a senatorial investigation. He took the ground that the President had exceeded his authority as Commander-in-Chief of the army, and that the soldiers were entitled to a trial. Mr. Taft, secretary of war, took the side of the President, and in his report, after going over the details of the riot, argued that the order of dismissal went chiefly to the fitness of the soldiers to be serviceable any longer in the army of the United States. Mr. Taft has had long experience on the bench, and is a jurist of national reputation. The further fact that such men as Senator Knox were with the President, while some of the best lawyers of the Senate were opposed to him, clearly indicated that a great struggle was on among the leading Republicans of the Senate. Democratic senators, whose race prejudices were well known, were in sympathy with the President's order of dismissal; and Senator Blackburn introduced a resolution endorsing the action of the President. This threw the Republicans of the Senate into an alarming excitement. If the Republican members of the Senate became divided, it was evident that those who favored Mr. Roosevelt would have to make common cause with the Democrats on an issue that involved the President as a great factor in the political future of the Republican party.

Senator Aldrich gave out that he also would offer a resolution directing an investigation of the race question, the very thing that Southern Democrats are anxious to avoid, since such an investigation might lead to such questions as the representation which the South has upon the basis of its population, which includes the negroes, in giving the South its fixed number of representatives in the House; while, as a matter of fact, the negro vote is nullified throughout the Southern States. Such a resolution as that suggested by Aldrich was merely a menace to the Southern senators, that they must not interfere in a race question which they had always deprecated. In the meantime, President Roosevelt, in a

supplementary report to the Senate, withdrew that portion of his order dismissing the soldiers which declared them ineligible forever to any civil office under the government of the United States. The question of civil status, he perceived, did not come within his prerogative as Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States. It was a frank acknowledgment by the President of his error, and won for him enlarged commendation for what has been regarded by many as his frank and manly course in public life.

The Brownsville incident evidently had the effect of bringing to light the differences that have for some time existed between the President of the United States and a certain group in the Senate. For the last few years, the President has been active and pronounced in his campaign against certain phases of great corporations, and in favor of an income and inheritance tax. He has stepped from the traditional reserve of the White House, in matters of legislation, into the arena of legislative combats, in both the House and the Senate. The immense power of his great patronage, and his exceptional popularity throughout the country, made his wish very effectual in compelling some senators to fall into line with his policy. Public opinion came to the aid of the President, whose way was evidently made more or less easy by the fear which senators and representatives had with respect to the approval of their constituency. The Brownsville incident, and the large disapproval of the President's order in dismissing the soldiers without honor, brought about a reaction among a group of senators who, no doubt, felt justified in a retaliation against the President whose pressure they had hoped to throw off. It is said that the President is in no mood to compromise; and it is felt that, in the matter of resolutions, he is able to defeat the group of senators now opposing him by aid of the solid support of the Democrats. From this support, Tillman must be excepted. The critics of the President's policy have not been slow in pointing out his inconsistencies. They call to mind that in May, 1903, his attention was called to the retention in the army of a man who had been accused of a murder. On the question of the man's dismissal, Mr. Roosevelt replied: "In this matter, even if this man is a murderer, I am helpless. *I have absolutely no power to dismiss anybody from the army in time of peace.*" And yet, within three

years and six months' time, he dismissed from the army, without honor, a whole battalion, some of whom were admittedly innocent of the offense for which others deserve punishment.

For a while it looked as if a serious difference might arise between the President and the Senate on the subject. It was rumored that Congress would pass a bill which would restore the discharged battalion to its place in the army. No question has given rise to more serious differences between the President and the country at large than the dismissal of these colored soldiers. While Senator Foraker's resolution merely asking that an investigation of the facts be made without reference to the President's legal or constitutional right in the matter was passed, an investigation by the Senate may in time lead to pronounced differences between that body and the President. Mr. Roosevelt's critics may be able to dig up inconsistencies. Strong men, and men in constant habit of doing things, are, as a rule, rather looking forward than backward; they are doing things in the light of the present and future needs rather than by the guidance of precedence.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE LONE HEART.

You are taking her down to the Orphans' Home, this little bit girl, you say;
It is sweet she would look with her hair a-curl, and a smile in those eyes of gray.
I mind the yard where the hearse drove out with the box, and her one last friend:
So there's only the Orphans' Home for her? I've a bit, maybe I might spend.
It is all alone in this house am I, but you see the flowers on the lawn
And the tabby-cat on the porch a-sleek, and bluebirds that sing at dawn.
I would love to fashion a gown of red for a little bit girl like this;
Would you put your arms round my neck, wee one, and give to me, dear, a kiss?
Oh, it's warm in my heart is the feel I have! You've a look like a child I knew;
To be sure her hair it was black, not light, and her eyes of the violet's blue.
But there's something that stirs me a thought of her—blue violets cover her
breast—

You shall hear the songs that I sang to her when I cuddled her down to rest.
I will kiss a rose to your cheeks of white, I will find the curl in your hair;
And you'll not go down to the Orphans' Home while I have a bit to share!

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL LIFE.

He was still eager upon the same inquiry; and having heard of a hermit that lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, resolved to visit his retreat, and inquire whether that felicity, which public life could not afford, was to be found in solitude, and whether a man whose age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of shunning evils or enduring them?

Imlac and the princess agreed to accompany him; and, after the necessary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields, where shepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the pasture. "This," said the poet, "is the life which has often been celebrated for its innocence and quiet; let us pass the heat of the day among the shepherds' tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity."

The proposal pleased them, and they induced the shepherds, by small presents, and familiar questions, to tell their opinion of their own state; they were so rude and ignorant, so little able to compare the good with the evil of their occupation, and so indistinct in their narratives and descriptions, that very little could be learned from them. But it was evident that their hearts were cankered with discontent; that they considered themselves as con-

demned to labor for the luxury of the rich, and looked up with stupid malevolence toward those that were placed above them.

The princess pronounced with vehemence, that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions, and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustic happiness; but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous: and was yet in doubt whether life had anything that could be justly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, she should gather flowers planted with her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and listen, without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the shade.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

On the next day they continued their journey, till the heat compelled them to look round for shelter. At a small distance they saw a thick wood, which they no sooner entered than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The shrubs were diligently cut away to open walks where the shades were darkest; the boughs of opposite trees were artificially interwoven; seats of flowery turf were raised in vacant spaces: and a rivulet that wantoned along the side of a winding path, had its banks sometimes opened into small basins, and its stream sometimes obstructed by little mounds of stone heaped together to increase its murmurs.

They passed slowly through the wood, delighted with such unexpected accommodations, and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who he could be, that, in those rude and unfrequented regions, had leisure and art for such harmless luxury.

As they advanced, they heard the sound of music, and saw youths and virgins dancing in the grove; and, going still further, beheld a stately palace built upon a hill surrounded with woods. The laws of eastern hospitality allowed them to enter, and the master welcomed them like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was skillful enough in appearances soon to discern that

they were no common guests, and spread his table with magnificence. The eloquence of Imlac caught his attention, and the lofty courtesy of the princess excited his respect. When they offered to depart, he entreated their stay, and was the next day still more unwilling to dismiss them than before. They were easily persuaded to stop, and civility grew up in time to freedom and confidence.

The prince now saw all the domestics cheerful, and all the face of nature smiling around the place, and could not forbear to hope he should find here what he was seeking; but when he was congratulating the master upon his possessions, he answered with a sigh, "My condition has indeed the appearance of happiness, but appearances are delusive. My prosperity puts my life in danger; the Bassa of Egypt is my enemy, incensed only by my wealth and popularity. I have hitherto been protected against him by the princes of the country; but as the favor of the great is uncertain, I know not how soon my defenders may be persuaded to share the plunder with the Bassa. I have sent my treasures into a distant country, and, upon the first alarm, am prepared to follow them. Then will my enemies riot in my mansion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted."

They all joined in lamenting his danger and deprecating his exile; and the princess was so much disturbed with the tumult of grief and indignation, that she retired to her apartment.

They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went forward to find the hermit.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HAPPINESS OF SOLITUDE. THE HERMIT'S HISTORY.

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell: it was a cavern in the side of a mountain overshadowed with palm trees; at such a distance from the cataract that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composed the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of nature had been so much improved by human labor that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to differ-

ent uses, and often afforded lodging to travelers whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and papers, on the other, mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found or could teach the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he repaid like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children," said he, "if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They thanked him; and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the princess repented of her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: "I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended: we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good, nor can I give any other rule for choice than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove most certainly from evil," said the prince, "who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, "but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigor was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and

misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

“For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbor, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasures of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grew in the valley and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. *I have been for some time unsettled and distracted; my mind is disturbed by a thousand perplexities of doubt and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world tomorrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.”

They heard this resolution with surprise, but after a short pause offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HAPPINESS OF A LIFE ACCORDING TO NATURE.

Rasselas went often to an assembly of learned men, who met at stated times to unbend their minds and compare their opinions. Their manners were somewhat coarse, but their conversation was instructive, and their disputations acute, though sometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertist remem-

bered upon what question they began. Some faults were almost general among them: every one was desirous to dictate to the rest, and every one was pleased to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

In this assembly Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him censure a course of life which he had so deliberately chosen, and so laudably followed. The sentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion that the folly of his choice had been justly punished by condemnation to perpetual perseverance. One of the youngest among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him a hypocrite. Some talked of the right of society to the labor of individuals, and considered retirement as a desertion from duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the public were satisfied, and when a man might properly sequester himself to review his life and purify his heart.

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the rest, thought it likely that the hermit would, in a few years, go back to his retreat, and perhaps, if shame did not restrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his retreat into the world. "For the hope of happiness," said he, "is so strongly impressed that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confess, the misery; yet, when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable. But the time will surely come, when desire will be no longer our tormentor, and no man shall be wretched but by his own fault."

"This," said a philosopher, who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, "is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny, not installed by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope, or importunities of desire: he will receive and reject with

equability of temper; and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocinations. Let them learn to be wise by easier means: let them observe the hind of the forest, and the linnet of the grove: let them consider the life of animals whose motions are regulated by instinct: they obey their guide, and are happy. Let us therefore, at length, cease to dispute, and learn to live; throw away the incumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim That deviation from nature is deviation from happiness."

When he had spoken, he looked around him with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence. "Sir," said the prince, with great modesty, "as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed upon your discourse; I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature?"

"When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, "I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed and was silent; and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, and the rest vanquished, rose up, and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT YOU WILL.

(For the Improvement Era.)

You're starting out on a journey, my boy,
And the world is joyous and fair;
Her gardens are blooming for you, my boy,
She laughs away your care.

But earth is more than a play-ground, my boy,
And the world's a bit of a shrew;
She's sure to fling back in your teeth, my boy,
Whate'er you say or do.

And still she's an honest old dame, my boy,
Full measure for measure she gives;
And her choicest gifts are to him, my boy,
Who nobly, gladly lives—

Valiant for all that is good, my boy;
Rejoicing in all that is true;
Imparting in youth what you'd have, my boy,
In age return to you.

Her gift of life is a glory, my boy;
Look! she let's down the rope for you,
That hand over hand you may climb, my boy,
For treasures old and new.

Up, up, till you scale the summit, my boy,
Don't throw your birthright away;
Hold up your head with the mightiest, boy;
Who wills it, wins the day.

RUTH MAY FOX.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE ETHICS OF QUARANTINE AND HOME SANITATION.

BY MILTON BENNION, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY
OF UTAH.

People who maintain their primitive, roving habits may run away from the problem of home sanitation; and with them the spread of contagious disease is naturally limited to a small community. But with the settled mode of life, and the manifold associations of civilization, the need of thorough sanitation and strict quarantine is apparent. Yet many intelligent and well disposed people fail to appreciate this fact; and there are those who, while they believe in enforcing the quarantine regulations against others, are themselves inclined to resist such restrictions. Even in large cities, where strict health regulations and close inspection are the rule, it is sometimes possible for a family to conceal contagious disease and thus escape quarantine. This concealment may be with full knowledge of the disease, or possibly with only a suspicion of it, and a fear to call in a physician lest it would result in the establishment of quarantine. Certainly this result would be a great inconvenience to the family quarantined, but what of the other alternative, and the moral responsibility of the family to society? There are heads of families who, when quarantined, seem to think that the public health laws are enacted especially for their annoyance. If possible to escape, they would not have a flag up; and after it is up, if the disease is in a mild form, they perhaps fail to report subsequent cases, and seek to have the quarantine raised as soon as possible. They have no thought, apparently, of the fact that a very mild case in its last stages may be the means of spreading an

epidemic of the disease, and that others may have it in severe form, causing innocent people immeasurable physical suffering and mental anguish. "Well," a man may say, "the innocent must suffer in this world, and I am an example of it. Let others share my fate." If such a man can be awakened to a sense of his social responsibility and to the consequences of his conduct, he will know that he is not innocent, and that for a man, by such indifference, to bring disease and death into the homes of his fellowmen is a crime. This crime, under our present laws, is punishable as a misdemeanor. It should some day be recognized as a felony.

In the light of moral principles, how much better is one who commits this crime, which usually escapes punishment, than one who commits murder outright and pays the death penalty? The difference is undoubtedly in the motive rather than in the consequence. In the one case there is malicious intent to destroy human life; in the other there is a selfish desire to escape personal inconvenience and a willingness to take chances on the consequences. Incidentally, to be sure, this may mean that the inconvenience one is trying to escape may come to a score of other families, that several persons in each of these families may suffer from the disease, and that there may be a few deaths in the neighborhood. The Infinite Wisdom alone can tell the amount of personal annoyance, sickness and death that may result from one little act of selfishness. Is it not worth thinking about?

The public health law merely defines what people ought to do, even if there were no statutes or health officers. As in case of all law against crime and for the protection of life and property, the good citizen should conform to it willingly, and there should be no necessity of enforcing it except against the criminally inclined. How would a man rank in character who respected the property rights of his neighbors merely because the law of the state compelled him to do so? Is there not as much need of respect for their health? and of refraining from exposing them to anything that might endanger their lives?

The want of proper consideration for the health laws is probably not due, as a rule, to bad motives, but rather to a failure to give the matter enough serious thought. The possible consequences to others have not been vividly pictured before the mind.

But even thoughtlessness and ignorance, through neglect of matters of vital importance, are immoral. To refrain from wilfully injuring others is only the negative side of morality. There is, in addition to this, an obligation to consider seriously the consequence of one's conduct both to self and to others, and to assume an attitude of positive thoughtful activity.*

The question of home sanitation is closely related to that of contagious and infectious diseases, since unsanitary conditions about the home may be one source of such diseases. Typhoid fever, for instance, may come from the contamination of well water by seepage from cesspools, closets, or barnyards: or the germs of this disease may be carried by flies, when the use of a little dry earth or slack lime would obviate the unsanitary condition. The disposal of sewage, where there is no sewerage system, is a very serious problem, concerning which it would be well to have expert advice.†

It is self-evident that carelessness in regard to these details may bring illness and perhaps loss of life not only to the occupants of the homes neglected, but also to others in the neighborhood. Heads of families should not only protect the health and physical well-being of the growing generation, but they should also set youthful minds an example that would tend to form in them habits of cleanliness and attention to sanitary regulations. Thoughtful consideration of the far-reaching consequences of conduct will readily justify close attention to these practical aspects of life.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

* The health laws of Utah and general regulations concerning contagious and infectious diseases may be had free by applying to the State Board of Health, Salt Lake City.

† Some valuable suggestions pertaining to this and kindred home problems may be found in Farmers' Bulletin No. 270, *Modern Conveniences for the Farm Home* which will be sent without charge to anyone applying to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY TWO PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

BY ISAIAH W. FLETCHER.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—(Philippians ii: 5-6.)

Many things may be inferred from this. The first is: man is made in the form of God, which, without doubt to my mind, shows that God and man had one common origin. That being the conclusion arrived at, man must, of necessity, have inherent in him the same potentialities or possibilities that characterize God, his Heavenly Parent. Were it otherwise, he could not, throughout all the eternities, become equal with him, no matter what man's aspirations might be. If that is not the case, then we would be compelled to admit that our Heavenly Parent has created a being inferior to himself, a fact which reason, most emphatically, repudiates. Another truth evident to a reflective mind is that, man being thus endowed can without fear of intimidation from any source whatever (being a separate and distinct entity), aspire unto the highest possible attainments in the universe, God's present condition being an inspiration to him to that end.

As Latter-day Saints, we understand full well that the attributes of Deity are only attainable, or made manifest, through an organized personality; in other words, by the descent of Spirit into element, and its contending with gross, material environments, such as obtain in the world in which we find ourselves.

By attributes I mean such as we believe are at present en-

joyed to the fullest possible extent by the heavenly hosts, and which are properties or fruits of the Spirit, and which are made plain in Galatians v: 22, 23:

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

This I understand to mean that the individual who has attained to and is in the full enjoyment of these heavenly attributes, is living above the law of commandment, and in consonance or in full agreement with the laws of the universe, else there could not be an eternal or continued existence.

It is only by yielding obedience to God's commandments that we are able ultimately to arrive at that condition of harmony, or holiness. It is very easy for a person to determine whether he is making progress towards harmonizing his being with the immutable laws of the universe, *i. e.*, by his power to resist or entirely repudiate gross, material pleasures, and by using wisely the materials with which the Lord has surrounded him, and thereby proving his worthiness to the blessings which, in his loving kindness, our Heavenly Father has condescended to grant unto men. In view of the fact that the Lord in his mercy has extended so much unto us, we should at least try to conform, as much as possible, to his behests, thereby gaining strength hour by hour and day by day, until we can resist with impunity the temptations of the evil one.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CALVARIO.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Calm amid the surging throng He stood:
 Angelic hosts their ministry repaid:
 Love triumphed. Hate, abashed, was silent then,
 Viewing with wonder the "rejected" Christ.
 Angry shouts relaxed; scorn dissolved in fear:
 Round the vast crowd a pitying glance He threw,
 Invoking Heaven's forgiveness for them all:
 O, wondrous Life! O, wondrous Work! each then complete.

CHARLES CLIFT

Lisbon, Portugal.

ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

NOTES CONTRIBUTED FOR THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" BY THE
FACULTY OF SCIENCE, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY,
AND EDITED BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE.

Introduction of New Plants.

New plants are each year being introduced into our country by plantmen, seedsmen, botanical gardens, and the private establishments of many wealthy persons.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture maintains a regularly organized office for the introduction of new plants, called the Office of Seed and Plant Introduction and Distribution. Expert botanists and agricultural explorers are engaged in the work of discovering new and valuable plants in all parts of the world, importing these into America and placing them in the hands of trained experimenters. Another feature of this work is the testing in new ways of old and well-known plants.

As illustrations of the importance of this work there might be cited the establishment in California and Arizona of the Algerian and Arabian date palm industry, and also of the Smyrna fig.

Some of the recent importations which give promise of economic and ornamental value have come from Western and Northern China and from Manchuria. At the present time Secretary Wilson of the U. S. Department of Agriculture is having tests made of various plants which it is expected will prove of very great value in the arid regions of the West.

In the systematic carrying out of this work it is expected that the United States, with almost every possible range of

climate and soil conditions of the globe, will become independent of all other nations as far as plant culture is concerned.—*William H. Homer, Jr., B. S.*

How can Animals be Distinguished?

Every animal, in fact every living being, has individual characteristics which distinguish it from every other individual. It has also characteristics which are common to other individuals. Likenesses express relationships, and usually the closer the relationship the closer the likeness. A small *group* of similar animals has characters common to *other groups*: this *group of groups* has characters common to *other groups of groups*. There are groups of the first order, groups of the second order, of the third, of the fourth, and so on until we reach the *two great groups* of living beings.

Groups are not distinct, but, just as in the case of plants and animals, there occur intermediate forms that make a clear definition impossible. Nature has no boundary lines, and should one appear it is the best kind of evidence that the intermediate forms are either extinct or have not yet been discovered.

Uniformity of Life in Early Times.

Why do intermediate forms occur between animals and between plants? Why are all living beings so much alike?

Living beings, of course, are alive, or have *life*. What life is we do not know, we can study it only through the behavior of matter under its influence. It, evidently, is something that is transmitted from parent to offspring, and the forms of both parent and offspring resemble each other. Things now living have received their life from related forms that preceded them, they are but the last links of the chains along which life has been transmitted from the past to the present. If it were possible to follow back along these chains, would we find them issuing from one source or from several? The problem is a difficult one. Most of the forms have decayed; some of them, more stable than the rest, have left records of their bodies, and these lie buried in the depths of the earth. A few have been found; here and there the lines of transmission have been touched, sometimes closely asso-

ciated, sometimes widely separated; but the deeper we go into the earth's surface, the farther back into the past, the more nearly alike do the links become. The lines seem to converge. The forms of animals and plants, so diversified upon the earth today, become more and more alike as we follow back along the lines of descent, until we reach a point where all life seems to have been exhibited in forms of the greatest likeness and simplicity.

Why Living Beings Change.

Why is there so much difference between plants and between animals? Why are living beings so unlike?

Things that are exactly alike, and that are subjected to exactly the same influences will behave in exactly the same manner. Can you find two branches alike? Can you find two flowers alike? Can you find two seeds exactly alike? How can you, then, expect to find two plants alike? The offspring always resembles, but is never exactly like the parent, and the greater the differences in the parents, the greater the differences in the offspring. While there is a tendency for like to produce like, there is also a tendency to variation just as universal. Characteristics of the parents are transmitted to the offspring, but perhaps never in the same degree to any two. The second generation will also be unlike each other, will resemble the immediate ancestors more and those more remote less.

When variations favor one plant or one animal above another, it has a better opportunity to reproduce its kind, and consequently to transmit the favorable variation.

The more uniform the conditions under which things live, the more uniform they become in structure and in habits; the more diversified the conditions, the greater the variations. This is remarkably illustrated by the numerous plants and animals in which man has become interested. By modifying environment and by selecting parents, he has induced greater variation; and by persistent, judicious selection of those forms having the qualities he most desired, by working in harmony with Nature's laws, he has succeeded in promoting his own comfort, welfare and happiness.—
C. G. Van Buren, B. S.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR LESSON FROM THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

The most influential Congregational church in England is said to be the London City Temple. From its pulpit the so-called "New Theology" is promulgated. This theology, which is making great headway in England, is described by its promoters as not in any way new but rather consisting of selections of belief from other denominations. Its principal spokesman is Reverend R. J. Campbell, who is the successor of Dr. Parker.

It may not be safe to depend upon the explanations made of the doctrines of this new theology, because generally any explanations not made by the advocates of the religion itself can scarcely be relied upon. But from the utterances of the religious and secular press of Great Britain, which has found their way into American prints, and which are said to emanate from the spokesman, we learn that the new movement objects "to the formal statements of belief which have distinguished the theology of the past,"—which is a very broad expression, and capable of varied interpretation;—and also that the starting point of the new theology, which is further described as "an attitude and a spirit rather than a creed," is "belief in the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man." This is a very sharp differentiation from the Unitarian theory which practically creates an impassable gulf between God and man.

"Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited," the new theology declares; also that "there are many stages in the upward progress of the soul in the unseen world, before it becomes fully and consciously one with its infinite source." The word "'God' stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed, is the source of all things, but is itself in process of fulfillment, as shadowed forth in the evolution of human-

ity." "Man is the revelation of God, and the universe a means to the self-manifestation of God." The new theology further believes in the immortality of the soul: "we make our destiny in the next world by our behavior in this, and ultimately every soul will be perfected;" but it "rejects wholly the common interpretation of atonement, that another is beaten for our fault," and believes, "not in a final judgment but a judgment that is ever proceeding."

Altogether it appears to us that the "new theology" is only one other protest, among the many, against dying sectarianism. From a cursory glance at its teachings, it appears also that, while there is much that is misty and inconsequent, it contains many doctrines, perverted it may be, which are based upon truth.

But the object here of calling attention to this movement, which now almost completely occupies the thought of the religious world in England, is to point out the need for the Latter-day Saints, and especially for our missionaries, to keep informed on the trend of modern religious thought, so that they may be able to approach the people from the viewpoint of their interests.

A person full of such philosophy as the New Theology promulgates has little interest in the plain, first principles of the gospel. His mind is upon other things; and in order to engage him, the teacher who would open to him the door of the true gospel must first obtain his attention on the lines which most appeal to him.

The Latter-day Saints have the sure anchor of revelation, and our religion is based on the everlasting truth. In the revelations of God to the Prophet Joseph, we have the foundation of all truth; and in order to compare these truths with old religions, or with new scientific or theological thought, we need only inform and familiarize ourselves with them. The Latter-day Saints believe that the light and truth on man's relationship to Deity; the divinity of Christ and the personality of God; man's origin and destiny and immortality; the fall of Adam; the atonement; the meaning of eternal punishment; the nature, eternity, necessity, purpose and value of the forces of good and evil; preexistence and existence hereafter; the struggle of God and his children against limitation, or eternal progress; the certainty of eternal life and the way to best advance to glorious harmony with the Infinite;—we believe that all these vital questions are more clearly treated in our re-

velations than in any other philosophy ever before advocated, or in any that can be promulgated by man.

I think that we ourselves fail to grasp the full and vital meaning of these eternal truths, and that we are much less prepared than we really ought to be, after possessing them for more than half a century, to present them to the thinking world. But they have been revealed to us, and it is our plain duty, by study and contemplation, aided by the Spirit of God, to master them, for clear, full, and forceful presentation to the world. Then, when these contending doctrines and new theories come forth among the people, we shall be prepared, by adopting modern methods, to show more clearly the way of eternal life and truth.

This, of course, can only be accomplished, first, by obtaining a thorough knowledge of the grand, broad, and far-reaching meaning of the revelations to us; and then, secondly, by keeping abreast of the most advanced modern thought. This course shall enable us not only to abide by the truth ourselves, so that every wind of doctrine shall not affect us and drive us to and fro like ships without anchor, but also to point out the way and demonstrate the truth to others, which is our special calling and mission. Our seventies, elders, teachers, and church educational institutions, may well wake up and work along these lines.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

A FALSEHOOD REFUTED.

Writing in a local print of the review in the February ERA of the statement of Senator Burrows that "there has been no case in which a candidate for high office in Utah has obtained the consent of the Church to run, and has been defeated, and there is no case in which one did not receive such consent, and has been elected," the champion defamer of the Latter-day Saints again falsifies, and attempts to mislead his readers. He says:

Mr. Smith attempts to deceive when he challenges and disputes with Senator Burrows in this matter. It is a fact that Apostle Heber J. Grant, speaking for the president of the church and by the authorization of the president of the church of that time promised the senatorship to Mr. McCune * * * * * Joseph F. Smith knows all these things to be true; he knows that Mr. McCune was selected by the president of the church, and that Apostle Grant was authorized

to conduct, for Mr. McCune, his campaign. Mr. Smith knows that the exposure of the Grant methods delayed the deciding vote in the Legislature; and that during the delay the authorities of the church concluded to change candidates, selecting as a substitute for Mr. McCune, who was a Democrat, a prominent churchman, who was a Republican, and demanding of the Democratic legislature that it elect this prominent churchman. Mr. Smith knows that many Democrats were called from the legislature before the authorities of the church, and were compelled to yield their personal and partisan views, and that they agreed to vote for a Republican at the behest of the church. Mr. Smith knows that in the confusion thus created, and which was increased as shown, by an adroit political move on the part of leading Democrats in procuring a recess in order to prevent balloting, the hour of adjournment was reached; and only for that reason the purpose of the church was defeated.

It is only necessary to state that Joseph F. Smith has no personal knowledge of any such alleged facts. Joseph F. Smith was not in the state at that time, as he left on the 7th day of January, 1899, for the Pacific Islands, and did not return until the 6th day of March, following. He could not be, and was not, therefore, in possession of such information; but he does know that at the behest of the Church no man has ever been compelled to yield his personal or partisan views, or to vote for any party or person. The presumption is that if the defamer desired to tell the whole truth, he could name the prominent Republican referred to; and the presumption is, further, that he might also truthfully say it was neither the Church that selected him nor its president.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

THE REMEDY FOR FAILURE.

In the monthly reports which have come to the General Board from a number of the stakes relating to the work of Mutual Improvement in the Church, the superintendents have complained of indifference, a lack of attendance, energy, and interest, on the part of the young people. This apparent perplexity is not real; we believe that the trouble lies in a lack of intelligent and persistent effort on the part of the officers. Without doubt, every detail of our work can be accomplished readily, when proper effort is made by the stake and ward officers. Determined work is the price of success, and the remedy for every complaint that has come to us in these reports. Would you remove indifference?

Then decide upon a consistent line of work. Do likewise in the case of other faults. Organize your officers, acquaint them with your arrangement and purpose. See that the plan in detail is carried out by every man assigned to a place, and there is no question, under such organization, as to the results. You shall succeed. The superintendent and his aids, however, must have every detail in hand, and then strenuously, but with kindness and with spirit, insist upon having their workers co-operate in the performance of the task. This requires meetings for planning and for reporting work; and, above all, it requires labor on the part of those who are in charge, as well as on the part of those who are appointed to perform the details. But the results are just as certain as the truth that when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to the law upon which such blessing is predicated. Real success in any line is predicated on persistent work. It is so, as well, in matters of Mutual Improvement. Try it.

NOTICE TO ERA AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the general desire of our recent subscribers, to have a complete volume of the ERA for this year, which promises to be one of the most interesting ever published, the General Board consented to a reprinting of No. 1, Vol. X, which had been sold out; so that we shall be prepared in a few days to supply every subscriber and many new ones with this number, and also with all the back numbers of this volume of the magazine. Officers will kindly speak of this in all their stake and ward officers' meetings. We hope to receive a large number of new subscriptions, especially from wards and stakes that have not heretofore made much effort to obtain subscribers for Volume X.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

The ERA is favored with this interesting note from Elder A. Milton Musser:

Over fifty years ago, while with other elders I was waiting, at San Francisco, to secure transportation to Hindoostan, some one gave me the following song,

composed by the immortal Parley P. Pratt, of blessed memory, which I copied into my journal. As I think it has never been published before, may I beg a place for it in the ERA? where it may appear as a companion gem to the grand old song: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," by the immortal Bishop Heber.

Yours, etc.,

A. MILTON MUSSER.

WHERE IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD?

Holy, happy, pure and free,
Blessed, indeed, and dear to me,
Are thy loved ones, Deseret,
Friends I never shall forget.

CHORUS.

While far off, while far off, my pilgrim
feet shall roam,
While far off, while far off, my pilgrim
feet shall roam.

Where, oh where is holy ground?
Where, oh where does truth abound?
Where on earth is freedom found,
Deseret, beyond thy bound?

Is it found on yonder shore
'Mid the heaps of shining ore?
No; the sons of truth divine
Worship not at Mammon's shrine.

Is it found on yonder isles,
Where eternal verdure smiles?

'Mid the fields of evergreen,
'Neath the beauteous skies serene?

Shall I turn to China's coast,
Scan the ancient Breman's host?
India's spicy isles explore,
Search the Moslem records o'er?

'Round the sphere to Europe turn?
Of the Christian Fathers learn?
Range the realms of Popery,
Searching still for "Peter's key?"

Search the earth, explore the sea,
Who can solve the mystery?
Who, with keys of truth divine,
Bids the light in fulness shine?

Vain the search through every realm;
Deseret is at the helm;
There the kings majestic stand,
Holding keys for every land.

PARLEY P. PRATT.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

President S. O. Bennion of the Central States mission writes that after the 1st of March the mission address will be changed from No. 1405 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo., to No. 302 South Pleasant St., Independence, Mo.

Mrs. F. E. R. Thompson of San Jose, California, writes under date of October 23, 1906: "While my husband was on his mission he found the ERA most indispensable; and now the household would be incomplete without its uplifting thoughts."

From the annual report of the Swedish mission for 1906, published in *Nordstjarnan*, it appears that there are 28 branches in the five conferences of that mission. There are 66 missionaries, and a total of 2,329 members, including 335

children under eight years of age. During the year there were 91 baptisms, 76 emigrated, and 30 died. A synopsis of the labors of the missionaries shows that 133,124 homes were visited for the purpose of distributing tracts, 20,559 gospel conversations were held, and 3,169 meetings, including six that were held in the open air.

"If some point comes up that is not very clear to the elder, he is generally cited to the ERA or manual. The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Chicago branch is fully organized and is doing a very good work. We find that the work of this winter is exactly what most of us need, and the present manual opens up a treasure-house of gospel truth. All the officers and members of our mutual are good, earnest workers, and everyone seems to be a pusher, and all have the interests of the work at heart. We pray for your success in your important work." So writes Elder G. N. Curtis, the secretary of the Northern States mission, Chicago, under date of January 31, 1907.

From the report of President Alexander Nibley of the Netherlands-Belgium mission, we cull the following facts: "Notwithstanding that we have had seven elders fewer in the mission this year than in 1905, and also that one of our conferences was quarantined for two months, we are able to report a great increase over the work of the previous year. During the year, 193,865 tracts and books were distributed—we sold over four times more tracts than were sold, loaned and given away during the previous year. Homes visited with first tracts, 17,210; on reinvestigations, 608; an increase of 25 per cent was had in the baptisms; many of the best tithe payers of the mission emigrated to Utah; but the tithing receipts increased about 20 per cent; and the circulation of *De Ster* increased from 565 to 800."

Elder W. M. Cragun writes from Chicago under date of February 13: "While visiting among friends, last week, I spoke of the gospel being restored during the last days, and in the course of my remarks referred to the people who suffered from the earthquake in San Francisco. A lady present who had two small children said: 'Yes, I know something about that because I was there, and several of my friends were killed; I don't want to experience such a thing again.' She told how kindly the people in Utah treated the refugees, and that when their train arrived in Ogden tables were spread with nearly all the necessaries of life; clothes were given to those who were in need; and, said she, 'The 'Mormons' treated us fine.' Before we left she expressed a desire to visit our church and know more concerning our belief."

Elder Wells L. Brimhall writes from Amsterdam, Holland, under date of January 22: "President Penrose and Elder William A. Morton of the Liverpool office, in company with President Nibley and twenty-three missionaries, visited us on the evening of the 14th inst. We all had such a good time I think it will long remain fresh in our memories. We called a special meeting, and our hall was over full. Elder J. K. Meibos interpreted for President Penrose and Elder Morton, the former speaking at length on the free agency of man. Elders Morton and Meibos related interestingly of their conversions and what the gospel had done for them.

All the speakers were greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit. Many investigators were present who gave their addresses after meeting, and some of them wanted to know if they might entertain a missionary for two or three days. The hymns rendered by the choir, led by one of our local men, were greatly enjoyed, and the sweet influence of the Spirit of the Lord prevailed during the whole proceedings. We have already seen that much good has resulted from this meeting."

Elder James King writes from Te Ante, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, January 16: "A memorial service was held at Ohiti, Hawkes Bay, December 30, 1906, at which services the large white marble monument erected to the memory of Hoki-mate Ranmaewa, wife of Ranmaewa of Wanganni, was unveiled and dedicated by Elder James King. Both husband and wife connected themselves with the Church in the early 80's, when the gospel was first preached in New Zealand. There were several noted chiefs present at the services; viz., Te Henken, Hakopa Kohungan, Te Rua, Taranaki, and several others. Some of these, though non-'Mormons,' praised the work of the elders and wished them Godspeed. A large 'hakari' feast was held under some large pine trees, and all partook of the high class food which was served out without restraint in the good old Maori way. This can only be thoroughly understood by those who have had the privilege of dining at one of these feasts, and who have enjoyed the gentle hospitality of this dusky race. We all enjoy the reading of the ERA. I deem it one of the very best Church publications."

This remarkable case of healing is translated from *De Ster* of November 15, 1906, published by the Church at Rotterdam, Holland, and the translation sent to the ERA by President Alex. Nibley: Little John, the eleven-year-old son of Sister H. S. of the Rotterdam branch, has suffered greatly for a number of years with his eyes. They were badly inflamed and pained him continually. He was slowly losing his sight and was unable to attend school longer. When on a certain day in the beginning of last August, it was announced in Rotterdam that President Joseph F. Smith would be in the city the following day and attend meeting, little John said to his mother: "The Prophet has the most power of any missionary on earth. If you will take me with you to meeting and he will look into my eyes, I believe they will be healed."

According to his desire he was permitted to accompany his mother to the meeting, at the close of which President Smith moved to the door in order to shake hands with the Saints and friends as they passed out of the hall. As the little fellow approached him, led by his mother and his eyes bandaged with cloths, President Smith took him by the hand and spoke to him kindly. He then raised the bandage slightly and looked sympathetically into the inflamed eyes, at the same time saying something in English which the child could not understand. The little fellow was satisfied. The Prophet had acted according to his faith; and according to his filial faith so did it come to pass with him. Upon reaching home he cried out: "Mama, my eyes are well; I can't feel any more pain. I can see fine now, and far too." Since then his sight has been splendid. He attends school again, and one would never think that anything had ever ailed his eyes.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Raise in Salaries.—In the legislative appropriation, the salaries of the Vice-President of the United States, the Speaker of the House, and the members of the President's cabinet, have been increased from \$8,000 per annum to \$12,000 each; and those of Representatives and Senators from \$5,000 to \$7,500.

Russell A. Alger Dead.—In Washington, January 24, Senator Alger died in his 71st year. In the Civil war he participated in 66 battles and skirmishes, rising from captain to the rank of brevet major-general of volunteers. In 1884 he was elected governor of Michigan, and four years later was a prominent candidate for President before the national convention of Republicans. Nearly a decade later, he served as Secretary of War—1897-9—during the Spanish-American conflict, in which he was severely criticised for inadequacy in the conduct of the army and its supplies, though through no fault of his, as was later recognized. After the death of Senator McMillan, he was appointed to fill his place in the Senate, in September, 1902, and later elected by the legislature for the term ending March, 1907.

Spanish Cabinet Crisis.—The Liberal cabinet in Spain, formed last December, and headed by Marquis de Armijo, has resigned, and Senor Maura, ex-premier, and leader of the Conservatives, has been recalled to office. This makes five Liberal Cabinets that have been formed and that have fallen in Spain during the past 18 months. The fall of the last one delays the religious reforms that were in process of formation, following the lead of France. The return to power of Maura is favorable to clerical interests. New elections will be held, and the sessions of parliament have been suspended.

Kosciusko Monument.—The United States Government is to erect a statue in front of the White House, Washington, to the memory of the Polish patriot, Thaddeus Kosciusko, who was born in Lithuania, in 1746, and who died at Solothurn, 1817. Models have been submitted in competition by noted artists, and a jury of art experts had decided that the best was that of Mr. St. R. Lewandowski, of Vienna. Recently President Roosevelt dissented from the verdict of the committee, severely criticising the design of the Vienna artist, and declared his preference for a model submitted by a sculptor of Lemberg, Austria, whose name is not given. Kosciusko, who received his education in the military school at Warsaw, is a name closely associated with American liberty. Disappointed in a love suit, he quitted his native country, betaking himself to America, in 1776, where he attracted the notice of General Washington, and was appointed by

him an engineer, with the rank of colonel, and afterwards general of brigade. Three years after peace had been declared in 1783, he returned to Europe, and was appointed, in 1794, generalissimo of the insurgent forces. In a battle near Cracow, he defeated the Russians, but in a following battle his army was defeated, and he was himself wounded and taken prisoner. He remained in captivity for two years, being liberated on the accession of Paul I of Russia, in 1796. He later visited England and America, finally settling in Switzerland, where he lived in quiet retirement. In 1817, just prior to his death, he issued from here a letter of emancipation to the serfs on his estate in Poland. The year following his death, his body was removed, at the expense of Emperor Alexander of Russia, to Cracow. A peculiar monument, in the shape of a mound 150 feet high, formed of earth from all the principal battlefields of Poland, has been raised to his memory in the vicinity of Cracow. The selection of the Washington Monument is now in the hands of a government jury of award, which shall have the final determination in the contest. The jury consists of Secretary Taft, Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, and Representative McCleary of Minnesota.

Esperanto.—Many attempts have been made to found an international tongue, but it is believed that now at last this has been accomplished in Esperanto. Dr. Louis Lazarus Zamenhof, a Russian Jew, is its originator and expounder. The movement began with the issuing of a little pamphlet at Warsaw, in June, 1887. From Russia it spread to Sweden where it has had some of its steadiest and most hard working adherents. Then Austria took it up, and France, England and America have followed, the United States being among the latest countries to join the movement. The Japanese have also taken to it with great enthusiasm. From an article by Joseph Rhodes, vice president of the British Esperanto Association, in the *North American Review*, it is learned that thirty-one countries, up to June, 1906, have been penetrated by the new language, and 377 societies, 349 in Europe, and sixteen in America, seven in Asia, three in Africa, and two in Oceania, have been formed. He guesses that at least 300,000 people are now studying the language. There are twenty-eight Esperanto magazines in which the national language appears side by side with the international, and eight national periodicals containing a regular Esperanto column. There are at present ten societies in the United States, in seven centers, and in the past three months the *North American Review* has published, semi-monthly in its regular issues, a division devoted entirely to a study of the grammar of the new language. One or two young men at the University of Utah are known to have become interested in the language, and they pronounce it practical and easy to acquire, its roots being taken from other languages in about the following proportion: 36 to 60 per cent Latin; 30 per cent Teutonic including English; 28 per cent Slav. Mr. Rhodes declares that it has "an exceptionless grammar so tiny that a scholar could master it in an hour or so." He says further, "that it is a language that defies competition on the score of facility."

The German Elections.—On the 25th of January, important elections were held in Germany. The Reichstag was dissolved by Imperial decree on the

13th of last December, as a result of its rejection of a supplementary budget for South Africa, the granting of which had been strongly urged by the government. The government then appealed to the voters to return to parliament members who would enable it to dispense with the support of the Clerical or Center party, and defy the opposition of the Socialists. It was the common opinion in Europe that the government would not succeed, but that the Clerical and Social parties would be represented in the Reichstag in increased numbers. The election, however, resulted in several surprises; Socialism was vanquished at the poles, the Clerical party or Center, which, generally considered, had been the mainstay of the government, was punished for its recent opposition, and the success of Chancellor Von Buelow, who is the mouth-piece of the Kaiser, appears to have been almost complete. A new party has been made out of sixteen or more different political denominations, which sent members to the Reichstag. The Kaiser has learned that he has the nation on his side, and the elections indicate a strong public defense of the German colonial policy. It might be stated in this connection that the Reichstag, which is the lowest house of the German parliament, is made up of many political groups and is a body of almost 400 men. The dissolved Reichstag had as many as nine parties of ten members each, and five or six other parties without quite so many members. The Clerical, Catholic, or Center party numbers 104.

The Jamaica Earthquake.—A great earthquake nearly destroyed Kingston, Jamaica, January 14. Jamaica is an island located about eighty or ninety miles south of Cuba, the third in extent of the West Indies, and the most valuable of those belonging to the British; it has an area of 4,256 square miles, is 146 miles in length east and west, and 49 miles broad at the widest part. Kingston is situated on the south coast, on a harbor six miles long by two miles wide, separated from the sea by a narrow slip of low land. It has a population of about 50,000. Many people were killed by the earthquake and buried in the ruins of falling buildings. Fire followed the earthquake, and swept through a part of the business section of the city, destroying much property. As soon as the extent of the earthquake was known in the United States, several American naval vessels, commanded by Rear-Admiral Davis, sailed from Cuba conveying medicines, tents, and food supplies for the relief of the sufferers. The landing of the American relief forces came near creating strained relations between the United States and England, but the matter was happily averted by the better judgment of the heads of the English and American governments. Sir James Alexander Swettenham, governor of Jamaica, repudiated the assistance which was offered by Rear-Admiral Davis, and as well as told him that his services were neither needed nor desirable. President Roosevelt and cabinet refused to recognize the insult, and later the British authorities conveyed to the government of the United States "cordial thanks for the prompt and powerful assistance which the United States navy under Rear-Admiral Davis rendered to the inhabitants of Kingston in their suffering." In England, however, several journals approved the course of General Swettenham who, however, later resigned, evidently because of his serious discourtesy and blunder. There is, however,

no lack of English publications which uphold him. This affair, in connection with the exclusion of Japanese school children in California, has had a tendency to strain the heretofore friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain.

Library Donation.—On the 21st of January, this year, Elder James Duckworth, formerly president of the Australian mission, who is at present pursuing a business course at the Latter-day Saints University, donated \$1,000 for the purchase of books for the department of Modern English in that institution—a gift highly appreciated.

New Senators.—Senators Crane of Massachusetts, Frye of Maine, and Cullom of Illinois, Republicans, and Bailey of Texas, Democrat, have been re-elected. From Kansas, Representative Charles Curtis has been elected in place of Senator Benson; from Delaware, Henry A. Richardson has been chosen in place of Senator Allee; from Michigan, Representative William Alden Smith has been elected to succeed the late Senator Alger; and from Nebraska, Mr. Norris Brown has been chosen to succeed Senator Millard. These are all Republicans. The legislature of Tennessee has elected ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor, Democrat, to succeed Senator Carmack of the same party. In Idaho, William E. Borah, Republican, has been chosen in place of Senator Dubois, Democrat, and in Montana, Representative Joseph M. Dixon, Republican, in place of Senator Clark, Democrat. Simon Guggenheim, Republican, was elected from Colorado, in place of Senator Patterson, Democrat; and Senator Henry E. Burnham, Republican, New Hampshire, was re-elected.

Senator Smoot Wins.—By a vote of 42 to 28 the United States Senate, on the 20th of February, decided that Senator Smoot is entitled to his seat in the Senate. The action is a vindication of justice, and a deserved triumph of right over sectarian bigotry.

Died.—In Mayfield, December 31, 1906, Peter C. Scow, born Denmark, August 11, 1844, came to Utah in 1866.—In Nephi, January 1, 1907, William David Norton, an Indian war veteran, born Alabama, 1832. He came to Utah in 1851.—In Spring City, 1st, Sarah Ann Zabriskie, born Tennessee, October 5, 1828, came to Utah in 1852.—In Mill Creek, January 1, James Madison Fisher, born Pennsylvania, July 22, 1833, came to Utah in 1850. He was a pioneer, scout, and Indian war veteran.—In Aetna, Canada, Bishop Richard Piling was buried December 31, 1906.—In Grantsville, Friday, 4th, Charles G. Parkinson, born England, February 11, 1834, came to Utah in 1853.—In Clarkston, Cache county, Agnes Beveridge Jardine, a faithful Relief Society worker, born Scotland, May 20, 1829, came to Utah in 1859.—In Kanab, Monday, 7th, Joseph Gurnsey Brown, a pioneer of 1849, an Indian war veteran, and faithful churchman, born New York, November 3, 1824.—In Cove, Cache county, Thomas Titensor, born England, October 27, 1829, and came to Utah in 1861, having joined the Church in 1847.—In Salt Lake City, 8th, Carl J. Larsen, a young Sunday School worker of the 25th ward, who came to Utah in 1884, and filled a Samoan mission in 1893-6.—In North Ogden, 8th, the funeral services over Lafayette W. Williams were held. He was a pioneer of the place, arriving in 1854, and was born April 15,

1825,—In Hyrum, 9th, William Henry Green, born England, March 11, 1838, came to Utah in 1860.—In Riverdale, Saturday, 12th, William Stimpson, a pioneer of 1856, 86 years of age.—In Hubbard, Ariz., Monday, 14th, Mosiah L. Hancock, born Kirtland, Ohio, April 9, 1833, and came to Utah in 1848, and to Arizona in 1887. In Fremont, Wayne county, Monday, 14th, William Wilson Morrell, born Ohio, May 8, 1830, joined the Church in Salt Lake City, 1849, a companion in pioneer work with Jacob Hamblin.—In Provo, Tuesday, 15th, Julia A. Fleming, born Ohio, December 22, 1837, and a pioneer of 1848.—In Salt Lake City, Wednesday, 16th, Margaret Pierce Whitesides Young, widow of President Brigham Young, a pioneer of 1847, born Pennsylvania, April 19, 1823.—In Vernal, 16th, Eric Anderson, a Uintah county pioneer, 78 years of age.—In Pocatello, Friday, 18th, Joseph Henrie, an early pioneer of Utah, born Ohio, April 20, 1829.—At Fruita, Wayne county, Saturday, 19th, Henry Jakeman, born England, February 9, 1834, and came to Utah in 1856.—In Draper Ward house, Saturday, 19th, the funeral services over the remains of George Terry were held. He was murdered on the night of January 10, on the eve of a trip to Washington to see the President in behalf of the Indians of the Windriver reservation. His father is Joshua Terry, and his mother a Shoshone Indian and he was born February 1, 1853, and in early manhood took up a life's missionary labor with his mother's people, and married a native who bore him ten children, only one of whom is now alive.—In West Weber, 20th, Thomas Etherington, a leading citizen of Weber, and a prominent stockman, born England, November 1, 1837, joined the Church in 1854, and came to Utah in 1855. In Forest Dale, Sunday, 20th, James Fowler, born England, June 6, 1841, and came to Utah in 1872.—Elizabeth U. Elwood, in West Jordan, 20th, born England, September 23, 1824.—In Richfield, Monday, 21, Sarah Frazer, born April 1, 1816, and came to Utah in 1868.—In Cedar City, Tuesday, 22, John Stephens, born Wales, April 28, 1843, came to Utah in 1868.—In Fairview, Idaho, 22nd, Lucy J. Lake, twin sister of the late Hon. L. J. Herrick of Ogden, born Ohio, December 14, 1827, and came to Utah in 1850.—In Salt Lake City, Wednesday, 23, John Hutchinson, born Scotland 88 years ago, was baptized by Orson Pratt in 1840, and continued as a missionary in his native land until he came to Utah in 1875.—In Vernal, 23, Dennis W. Winn, a member of the "Mormon" battalion, and a pioneer of 1848, born Alabama, December 11, 1826.—In St. George, Thursday 24th, Mrs. Duncan M. McAllister, of Salt Lake, for many years a member of the Tabernacle choir, born England, February 16, 1846, and came to Utah at the age of 15.—In Fairview, Wyoming, 24th, Clark Ames, born New York, 1832, came to Utah in 1849, and has resided in Sevier, Boxelder, Cache, and in Gentile Valley, Idaho.—In Smithfield, Sunday, 27th, William Chambers, born Bristol, England, January 4, 1818, and came to Utah in 1853.—In Salt Lake City, 27th, William Treharne, an Indian war veteran and pioneer of Cedar City, born Wales, July 14, 1838, and arrived in Salt Lake in 1852.—In Sugar House ward, Thursday, 29th, William Huskinson, born England, April 30, 1824, came to Utah September, 1853.—In Ogden, Thursday, 31st, Simon Weston, born England, April 25, 1835, joined the Church in 1854, and came to Utah in 1873.

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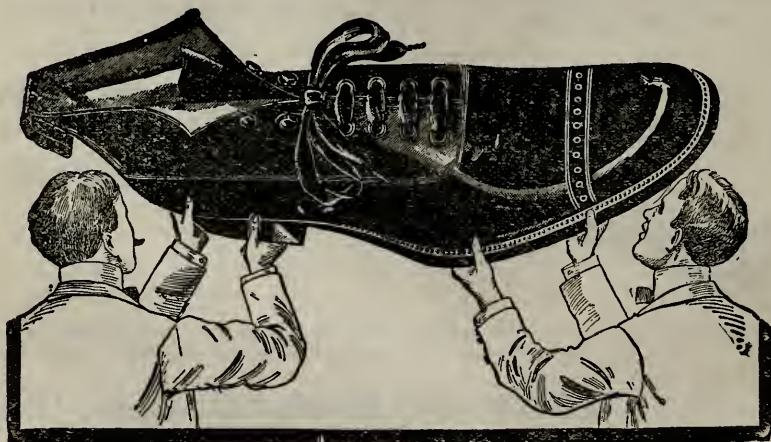
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